

IOWA
TEACHERS' COLLEGE

DEC 8 1931

THE

LOAN DESK

SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3970. Vol. 152
FOUNDED 1855

28 November 1931

Price Threepence
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

PRINCIPAL FEATURES

	Page
NEVER AGAIN. LORD IDDESLEIGH	679
ATHEISM. LADY SIMON	681
TECHNIQUE OF THE TALKING FILM. ANTHONY ASQUITH	682
FRANK HARRIS ON G.B.S. OSBERT BURDETT	691
ARGUMENT: IS FEMINISM DECADENT?	683

CONTENTS: The Week's Suggestions. Notes of the Week. Theatre. Films. New Novels. Reviews.
Correspondence. Shorter Notices. 'Saturday' Competitions—Literary, Cross Word, Acrostics. City.

DESMOND HARMSWORTH

THE GOURMET'S ALMANAC

by Allan Ross Macdougall

With an introduction by JOHN COLLIER.
One of the best books ever written about food.
Finely illustrated. 8s. 6d.

RUFFIANS HALL

by Philip Lindsay

Powerful and highly original studies of such
heroic ruffians as *Columbus*, *The Prince Regent*,
Governor Bligh and *Sir Henry Morgan*.
Illustrated. 8s. 6d.

GEMINI

by John Collier

Poems by the author of *His Monkey Wife*. "A
writer to whom the gentle and insipid word
'talent' cannot be applied—but a greater word,
of whose use we are, as a rule, afraid."
—EDITH SITWELL in the *Morning Post*. 3s. 6d.

SUMMER ISLANDS

by Norman Douglas

Two characteristic essays on the islands of
Ischia and Penzar, both, of course, in Mr.
Douglas' Mediterranean. 3s. 6d.

HERE ARE STONES

by Ian Dall

A book of travel on the West Coast of Ireland
and the Aran Islands. Illustrated by the author.
6s.

"The book has evoked for me so much of all
I love best that I dread its being read by the
unimaginative reader and not appreciated. Some
books are like secrets and this is one of them."
—COMPTON MACKENZIE, *Daily Mail*.

SHOULD A MAN TELL

by Maurice Lane-Norcott

Amusing essays by the famous *Daily Mail*
humorist, illustrated by himself. 3s. 6d.

DESMOND HARMSWORTH, 44 GREAT RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C.1

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Films, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—Ed.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- APOLLO.** *There's Always Juliet.* By John Van Druten. (Gerrard 6970.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. An amusing and very beautifully written love duet, exquisitely played by Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.
- WESTMINSTER.** *The Anatomist.* By James Birdie. (Victoria 0283.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Henry Ainley and a fine supporting cast in a play which is interesting as well as entertaining.
- WESTMINSTER.** *The Unquiet Spirit.* By Jean-Jacques Bernard. Two more matinees of an exceptionally interesting play, beautifully translated, acted, and produced. Monday, November 30, and Friday, December 4, at 2.45. Review next week.
- AMBASSADORS.** *The Queen's Husband.* By Robert Sherwood. (Temple Bar 1171.) 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Comedy about a Royal Family.
- QUEEN'S.** *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* By Rudolph Besier. (Gerrard 9437.) 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- STRAND.** *Counsel's Opinion.* By Gilbert Wakefield. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Isabel Jeans, Owen Nares, Allan Aynesworth, Morton Selton.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- Japan.* By G. B. Samson. Cresset Press. 30s.
- John Crome of Norwich.* By R. H. Mottram. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.
- Maeterlinck.* By Auguste Bailly. Rider. 5s. (A sketch of the plays and essays of the Belgian mystic and philosopher.)
- Peoples of Antiquity, Vol. II.* By Caesar Vesme. Rider. 10s. 6d. Translated by Fred Rotherwell.
- Acting.* By Seymour Hicks. Cassell. 5s. (A book for Amateurs.)
- Gladys Cooper.* By Gladys Cooper. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.
- The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes.* By S. Zuckerman. Kegan Paul. 15s.
- Romance of Buried Treasure.* By T. C. Bridges. Nisbet. 8s. 6d. (A book of romantic adventure.)

NOVELS.

- The Midnight Folk.* By John Masefield. Heinemann. 15s. (A special edition with colour prints and forty-six line drawings by Rowland Hilder.)
- Old Blastus of Bandicoot.* By Miles Franklin. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE CAPITOL.** *Waterloo Bridge.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE PLAZA.** *Honour of the Family.* This picture, which is criticized in this issue, is supported by "Stamboul," the second film made by the British branch of the Paramount company.
- THE ACADEMY.** *Hunchback of Notre Dame.* This film contains the most remarkable performance of the late Lon Chaney.
- THE REGAL.** *The Star Witness.* This film, which exposes the impotence of the American courts in face of the gangsters, continues. Will be followed by Elissa Landi's new film, "Wicked."
- THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.** *Alexander Hamilton.* A costume film with George Arliss.
- THE NEW GALLERY.** *Michael and Mary.* This sentimental comedy of Mr. Milne's, with Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, continues.

GENERAL RELEASES.

- The Smiling Lieutenant.* Maurice Chevalier in Herr Lubitsch's sophisticated and witty version of "The Waltz Dream." Not for children.
- It's a Wise Child.* For lovers of Marion Davies.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- Sunday, November 29.** 4.0 p.m. Stanford Robinson will conduct Part I. of the original unabridged version of "The Messiah."
- 9.5 p.m. Adrian Boult will conduct the seventh of the series of Sunday Orchestral Concerts.
- Monday, November 30.** 9.20 p.m. Continuing the series, "War or Peace," Captain J. Davidson-Pratt, D.Sc., F.I.C., and Captain B. H. Liddell Hart will discuss "Chemical Warfare."
- Tuesday, December 1.** 8.30 p.m. Harold Nicolson will continue his series, "The New Spirit in Literature," with a talk on "Reading as a Means of Self-Education."
- Wednesday, December 2.** 6.50 p.m. Mr. James Agate will give his fortnightly talk on "Plays and the Theatre."
- 8.15 p.m. Sir Landon Ronald will conduct the seventh of the B.B.C. Symphony Concerts, relayed from the Queen's Hall. The orchestra will play the Overture, Egmont (Beethoven); and Symphony No. 2 in E Minor (Rachmaninov).
- 9.20 p.m. The ninth talk in the series, "What I Would Do With the World," will be by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, K.C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.
- Friday, December 4.** 7.10 p.m. Mr. Gerald Heard will give his fortnightly talk on "This Surprising World."
- Saturday, December 5.** 7.10 p.m. Mr. Archibald Gordon will give his fortnightly talk on "The World of Business."

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE new House of Commons is now beginning to find itself, and in doing so it is beginning to find its leaders out. It is admitted on all hands that Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin are animated by the best intentions. But as the last two Governments headed by those two gentlemen had a singular faculty for letting things drift, it is recognized that the two negatives will make a more convincing affirmative if they are kept up to the mark by private members.

A Parliament of Action

In spite of the absence of Sir Oswald Mosley, the new Parliament is a Parliament of action, and it means to get things done. It has already stopped dumping. It knows that the Cabinet is divided on the question of protecting iron and steel, and it knows, too, that the Cabinet does not know where it stands on the question of agriculture.

On iron and steel the new House is determined not to repeat the fiasco of Mr. Baldwin's Government in 1927. On agriculture it has already obtained a pledge from Mr. MacDonald that the Government will announce its policy before Parliament rises. The east wind of keen resolution is blowing steadily through Westminster and Whitehall with invigorating effect.

The Empire Constitution

The debate on the Statute of Westminster was singularly disappointing. Mr. Baldwin somehow failed to see, and therefore failed to answer, the case made by the critics of this unfortunate measure. Sir Thomas Inskip's only really good point was that he drew attention to the defence put forward by Mr. Donald Somervell. I dislike the Statute as much as ever, but Mr. Somervell's able speech suggests that at least one new member will go far.

Labour's Leaders

The Chairman of the T.U.C. has put the cat among the Socialist pigeons by blandly urging the unions, who generally finance the local Labour caucus, to adopt new and younger men as Socialist candidates for the next election. Mr. Jack Bromley is right. The superannuated union official, of static mind and ignorant of Parliamentary customs, is a godsend in office to the bureaucracy of Whitehall, and easy money in the House to an astute Tory or Liberal. To my mind Labour's most surprising defeats in its strongholds were as much due to public contempt for these men, and for the intellectual wind-bags of "the coming revolution," as to Labour policy.

Beer-Tax

A leading brewery director assures me that the average fall in sales by breweries, reflected in all hotel undertakings, since the additional penny a pint of tax on beer from September last, making fivepence a pint of tax in all, is 22½ per cent. Thus far from "drinking our way back to solvency," we are "beer-striking" our way on to new alternative indirect taxation.

Spain

To those present in the Cortes on the evening of the indictment of Don Alfonso, writes a Spanish correspondent, it was obvious that many members considered the whole proceeding ridiculous and puerile. The House listened to the speech of Count Romanones, a member of the first Cabinet of King Alfonso, with increasing cordiality. He gradually won his antagonists over, and at times made them rock with laughter as the ridiculous aspect of the case was presented to them. Yet they voted for it with an overwhelming majority because it was the only way in which they could express their antagonism to a monarch and a system which still passionately possesses them.

Meanwhile, acts of brigandage are increasing, and in the past few days Barcelona has been the scene of fights between police and bandits such as have disturbed the order and safety of several American cities recently. The attempt to round up a number of bandits in a bar resulted in the death of a policeman and a woman, and the wounding of several other people. Robbery and assaults are gradually becoming more frequent.

China

Advices from China indicate that a month ago Sir Miles Lampson hoped to conclude an agreement with Nanking over the surrender of our extraterritorial rights, before Christmas. He has probably modified his transports by now. Under existing conditions in China, it is sheer madness even to talk of negotiations on so serious a matter. Canton and Nanking appear nominally to have patched up their differences in face of Japan, but this is merely a matter of "face pidgin," and there is no real unity.

It will be remembered that the negotiations deadlocked early last May over our insistence that Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin and Canton must be excluded from any surrender of extraterritoriality. Next day Nanking announced that from January 1 next, it would take judicial control over all foreigners in China. This frightened our Foreign Office into sending back Sir Miles, hot foot, with new proposals, and by the end of June an agreement was initiated, in which very damaging concessions were made. Almost immediately, however, further negotiation was postponed until the autumn, at Nanking's request, on the plea of the split with Canton.

Evidently the British Minister is frightened that, if he cannot fix up something before January 1, Nanking will abrogate extraterritorial rights without further ado. As a matter of fact Nanking declared these rights abrogated two years ago. Nothing came of that; nor will anything now, if we are firm. Such gestures are merely made to impress the political rowdies.

The League of Nations is cutting a sorry figure in its efforts to save its face over the Sino-Japanese dispute. Once more it is proving power-

less where a Great Power is concerned, and from its present impotence may be gauged its ineffectiveness in the event of a conflict between, say, France and Italy. Those who ask if the late war could have been prevented had the League existed in August, 1914, now have their answer—it most assuredly could not.

In these circumstances, surely the League in its present form is merely a liability to its members? As Great Britain contributes more to the Genevan exchequer than any other Power, the Government would do well to consider the advisability of insisting upon a drastic overhaul of the League's machinery, and its re-organization upon a far less ambitious scale. As a clearing-house for information and statistics the Genevan institution may have a future, but not as an international areopagus.

The Dying Universe

It was high time that a philosopher of the calibre of Dean Inge should protest against the new doctrine of the Dying Universe, which would hardly have won so ready or so widespread an acceptance had it not fitted in so readily with the pessimism of the times. But the truth is that astronomy has advanced so rapidly of late years that the astronomers are now completely out of their depths.

About five years ago we were told the approximate size of the cosmos, and why (like a lady's waist in Victorian days) it must be that size and no other to fit mathematical theory. But now the size of the cosmos has multiplied by x , the theory has become the joker in the pack, and a new guess has taken its place.

In much the same way General Smuts, who did not then believe in God, wrote a book to show that the purpose of the universe was the creation of wholes; whereas now he believes in God, although the wholes seem to be disappearing into empty space as fast as natural disintegration will permit them. I exhort our pundits to consider whether they may not be mistaken in their conclusions.

Broadly speaking, it is the extreme disproportion of matter to space—a ratio of 1 to 300,000,000,000 in our own solar system, which is rather congested in comparison with the inter-stellar abyss—which suggests a dying cosmos. If that is so, then the original cosmos of God's first creation must have fulfilled its unknown purpose long before life appeared, and its last surviving fragments be now slowly dissolving from substance into shadow before the spectators of its impending doom.

But against that, it has to be remembered that the great variety of stages in the development and decline of the stars and other celestial bodies suggests that whatever else creation may have been, it was not a single definite act performed once for all, but a long continued (and apparently still continuing) process. The skies, in fact, are very much like a watchmaker's shop in which all the clocks and watches are running down.

But a little enquiry shows that the shop has been established so long, and its turnover is so large,

that the stock has evidently been replenished as occasion demands from some invisible factory behind the scenes. We may not know how or why the watches are made, but there does seem some evidence that the new season's stock appears on the counter as the old season's stock is worn out. But if that is so, it is something more than a dissolving and disintegrating cosmos that exhibits itself upon the stage of space.

The Restaurant Dancer

The revelations in a law-case last week as to the conditions in which dancing-partners have to work are disturbing, and indicate a state of affairs which should receive the attention of the authorities. So long as there is a demand for this sort of thing, there will always be a supply, but that does not mean that girls should be forced, while attempting to earn their living in another manner, to indulge in what a learned judge described as "freedom from sexual restraint."

It is quite useless for respectable statesmen to go from London to Geneva and denounce such appurtenances of the White Slave Traffic as the licensed brothel, if hotels and restaurants of London can compel young women to attract male clients by such dubious means. Women have achieved their freedom, but that does not mean that in future the law can wash its hand of them. Women will prey upon men, and men upon women, till the end of time, and the task of the legislator is to see that neither sex is excessively victimized.

The Hermitage Collection

The Hermitage collection of pictures seems fated to be dispersed by revolutionaries. The nucleus was formed by Charles I. at Whitehall, and was sold after the fall of the monarchy to, I think, a German prince, whence it found its way to Russia. Now the Bolsheviks are apparently disposing of these pictures again, and some of them are said to have been bought already by Americans. It is to be hoped that a revolution in the United States will not send them on their travels once more.

Gilbert and Beecham

The announcement that the Bab Ballads have been set to music by the son of Sir Thomas Beecham is bound to stir what lady novelists used to call a tender memory in the office of the SATURDAY REVIEW; for in the famous affair of Captain Reece and the *Mantelpiece*, it is on record that

"THE TIMES and SATURDAY REVIEW
Beguiled the leisure of the crew."

As the same stanza proclaims that they were served by Mudie's library, one can only congratulate the Victorian sailor-man on the amount of stand-easy time at his disposal. Things are different nowadays, and I am afraid the Rugby broadcasting station has rather reduced the zest with which captain and crew would naturally read the leaders in the "Times," but our letter-box often brings welcome evidence that this Review still contrives to "beguile the leisure"—and the occasional boredom—of long voyages in the deep seas.

THE CASE FOR AGRICULTURE

THE Government has now taken the first steps to remedy the dumping of manufactured goods.

Agriculture, which is at least as hard hit as the manufacturer by foreign competition, was excluded from the Act, but the situation has become so serious in the rural districts that it is quite impossible for any Government to ignore the position, and it is known that the Cabinet are now considering the best practicable method of protecting what still remains our basic industry.

Unfortunately the urban population of this country, which is naturally concerned with the consumption rather than the production of food, is largely in ignorance of the position of agriculture. We therefore propose in this article to refrain from argument or any suggestion of a remedy; our aim at the moment is simply to summarize the facts.

It is common knowledge that farmers, like the rest of the producing community, have been faced with a heavy fall in prices. Wheat has fallen steadily from 80s. 10d. in 1920 to 52s. 2d. in 1925, and 34s. 3d. in 1930; but this fall has not been due, as in some manufactured articles, to over-production at home. The reverse is the case.

The acreage under Wheat has fallen from 1,976,000 in 1921, to 1,346,150 in 1930.

The acreage under Barley has fallen from 1,436,000 in 1921, to 1,020,225 in 1930.

The acreage under Oats has fallen from 2,149,000 in 1921, to 1,778,597 in 1930.

The acreage under Potatoes has fallen from 558,000 in 1921, to 424,660 in 1930.

The acreage under Hops and Fruit has also declined.

On the other hand Sugar Beet (a subsidized industry) has increased from a negligible area in 1921 to 347,257 acres; the increase in the last year having been fifty per cent. over the previous year.

Hay and grass has also increased, but the position of pasture as compared with arable can be more conveniently expressed in terms of live stock.

Horses, of course, are diminishing, owing to the competition of mechanical transport. The number has fallen from 1,281,279 in 1923 to 961,353 in 1930.

Sheep, on the other hand, have steadily increased, from 13,835,533 in 1923 to 16,315,843 in 1930.

The dairy herd has also increased during the

ten-year period, as the figures in the following table indicate:

Year.	England & Wales.	Scotland.	Great Britain.
1922	... 2,521,941 ...	452,231	... 2,974,172
1923	... 2,614,797 ...	455,363	... 3,070,160
1924	... 2,663,202 ...	448,388	... 3,111,590
1925	... 2,713,172 ...	450,351	... 3,163,523
1926	... 2,749,286 ...	457,446	... 3,206,732
1927	... 2,790,703 ...	460,317	... 3,251,020
1928	... 2,723,488 ...	459,217	... 3,182,705
1929	... 2,712,551 ...	453,741	... 3,166,292
1930	... 2,674,939 ...	453,057	... 3,127,996
1931	... 2,789,700		

The relative prosperity of this branch of agriculture is due, of course, to the fact that prices have not slumped so disastrously for pastoral as for arable products. The general level of agricultural prices has fallen from an index number of 159 in 1922 to 125 in 1930; but milk prices have only fallen from 177 to 159 in the same period.

Production has, moreover, increased. In 1922-3 1,242,000 gallons of milk were produced in Great Britain; in 1930-1 the figure had risen to 1,310,000.

Against this, however, has to be set the fact that the increase of imported milk has been far greater than the increase of the home product.

The import of Condensed Milk has increased from 1,848,939 cwts. in 1922 to 2,826,810 cwts. in 1930.

The import of Butter has increased from 3,816,054 cwts. in 1922 to 6,640,000 cwts. in 1930.

The import of Cheese has increased from 2,633,371 cwts. in 1922 to 3,002,000 cwts. in 1930.

These imports, expressed in terms of Liquid Milk, show an increase from 1,467 million gallons in 1922, to 2,390 million gallons in 1930.

While the product of home dairies has therefore increased in the ratio of 12 to 13, the foreign import has increased in the ratio of 14 to 23.

It is to be noted that we imported 3,060,000 cwts. of Butter from the Dominions, and 3,580,000 cwts. from foreign countries; and also 1,817,000 cwts. of Cheese from the Dominions, and 1,185,000 cwts. from foreign countries.

It is obvious that a very considerable proportion of these supplies could be raised on our own soil, to the benefit of employment and the reduction of our adverse trade balance. It is now for the Government to decide how that can best be done.

THE PLIGHT OF GERMANY

THE latest German crisis is clearly the most serious that the Reich has experienced since the revalorization of the currency, and it will require a greater amount of skill on the part of the world's statesmen than the latter have displayed in connection with the Sino-Japanese dispute if it is not to result in a catastrophe from the consequences of which no nation will escape. At the same time, we do not believe that the plight of Germany is to any large extent due to the universal slump, for German exports rose steadily from 1924 to 1929, while last year they only declined by about 8 per cent. as compared with a drop of 22 per cent. in the British figures, and in 1930 Germany actually

exported £12.1 million worth of manufactured goods more than did the United Kingdom, exclusive of reparation deliveries. In these circumstances it would appear that the key to Germany's troubles must be found elsewhere.

The root of the evil is the payment of reparations, which, with the inter-Allied debts, is the load that is crushing the world to-day. It is quite clear that Germany cannot both pay reparations and satisfy her private creditors, and if France, for political reasons, is going to insist upon her pound of flesh she will bleed her neighbour to such an extent that the latter will not be able to discharge her other obligations, and this, in its turn, will in

the end prevent any further payments being made on account of reparations. It is, indeed, a vicious circle, and if mankind is to recover this must be broken. Let the Hoover moratorium be extended for five years as a prelude to a general cancellation of all debts and reparations, and then we shall all be able to breathe more freely again. France may, it is true, object, but she has bilked her creditors so often in the past few years that she has no special claim to be heard in a question of this sort.

What is clear is that Germany must be saved from disaster at all costs, for if she goes down we shall all, thanks to the blunders of our post-war politicians, go down too. The situation as we see it can only be saved by subordinating political to financial and economic considerations, that is to say by the abolition of reparation payments and by long term loans. So far as the latter are concerned, the

nation that is in the best situation to provide them is France, for there is enough gold in the cellars of Paris to restart the wheels of industry in every country in Europe. We trust that Sir John Simon does not share some of his predecessors' excessive tenderness for French susceptibilities, and that he will make it quite clear to the Quai d'Orsay that the remedy lies in its own hands; for France has but to make her wealth productive and she will herself profit by the general revival of prosperity.

If the imminence of a German collapse recalls the statesmen of the world to realities it may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise. The plain fact is that the Peace Treaties have broken down, and there can be no hope of a permanent settlement until the arrangements which were made at the close of the war have been drastically overhauled, particularly as regards their financial provisions.

THE INDIAN CONFERENCE

THE firm tone taken by the Government in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening will re-assure those who feared that the administrative arm of Britain in India was suffering from steadily increasing paralysis. The stern language used by Lord Lothian, following as it does on the recent telegram from Mr. Thomas in connection with the disturbances in Cyprus, is at least some indication that the Empire is still regarded as a substance and not a mere shadow in Whitehall.

Meantime the Round Table Conference, which has continued its labours through the recent financial and political crises at home, furnishes sufficient indications that rule and direction from the head are still necessary. It has always been obvious that an essential condition precedent to the introduction of full responsible Government into India must be a Communal settlement. Until Indians are agreed amongst themselves how they desire power to be handed over, it is impossible for Britain to consider complete transfer. It is therefore true to say that the Round Table Conference has failed in its most ambitious aim, and many are now saying that as soon as its failure to reach a communal settlement was certain, it should have been closed. This point of view, however, though natural, shows some failure to understand how the Conference can be handled to the best effect.

The Government might have taken advantage of the failure of the Indian communities to agree in order to declare that responsibility at the centre could not be given. The result would have been to re-unite all sections of the Hindus in opposition and it would not even have won the active support of most of the Minorities. On the other hand they might have announced their intention of laying down a solution that appeared to them fair and imposing it on India. This might well have resulted in uniting all communities in India on one point only—opposition to the British Government. There is therefore something to be said for the much-criticized action of the Prime Minister in offering to give an arbitral award if all the communities agreed in advance to accept it.

Probably it was well also that the Government reconsidered their first decision and allowed a debate on the Safeguarded Subjects. Had these

controversial subjects not been discussed it would have been possible for the Hindus to represent later that the British Government had shirked an open debate and that Indian opinion was united in demanding what the British Government will refuse to transfer in the new Government of India Bill. As it is there has been full and open discussion, and an abundance of evidence on record that there is no unanimous demand for immediate control of the Army, and there is something like unanimous repudiation in principle of racial discrimination in commerce. One may confidently anticipate that there will not be unanimity amongst the Hindus on the subject of finance, and in any case the Moslems and the Depressed Classes have refused to take part in these discussions until the communal question has been solved.

It might be argued that a serious situation would arise if the Indian delegates unanimously demanded the abrogation of just those safeguards on which Britain is insisting; it is absurd to argue that discussion is dangerous simply because that unanimity is now out of the question.

When the Prime Minister makes his statement at the end of the Conference, he is certain to re-affirm the declaration of January 19 that the Government are prepared to agree to responsibility at the Centre when effective federation has come about and subject to safeguards. But the fulfilment of the condition looks further off in November than in January, and some indication will have to be given of what the Government propose to do in the meantime with the Government of India. Responsibility cannot be given, for neither the British Parliament nor the Indian Minorities would assent. The result is that the changes made are likely to bear a remarkable resemblance to those recommended by the Simon Report. The Government will, however, have to make some advance in the Centre, and the recommendations of the Simon Report in this connection are, as has previously been pointed out in this Review, unworkable. Some measure of dyarchy, on the lines recommended in the Government of India's despatch, will go far to conciliate the moderate Hindus who realize as a result of the Conference that their goal has been approved by the British Government and its attainment now depends upon India's efforts.

NEVER AGAIN

BY THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH

THE rampant bankers and the "world causes" have gone their way into oblivion; at long last the nation has realized that our present economic discontents are mainly of our own making. Retrenchment has begun to remedy the evils of which extravagance was the principal cause. To economize steadily and consistently, to balance the budget, and to improve the commercial position of the country are the immediate tasks to which we have set our hands.

Prevention, however, is better than cure. In five years' time, and perhaps earlier, there will be a new Parliament, and it is very nearly certain that it will be dominated by a "progressive"—that is to say, a spendthrift—majority. It is alien to the political genius to look five years ahead; "carpe diem" is the motto of all Cabinets; but in so serious a matter the public should insist on a certain amount of foresight. Like causes produce like results; if the Parliament of 1935 is constituted in the same manner as the Parliament of 1929, then—sooner or later—we shall experience a recurrence of the financial crisis of 1931. And we may not escape so lightly from it another time.

Clearly, then, it should be the aim of statesmen to limit in advance the amount of havoc that their successors may do. This involves Constitutional Reform.

The House of Commons was originally composed of the representatives of taxpayers, who were summoned to make grants to the Crown. These grants were made more or less grudgingly, in return for the redress of grievances. Such was, and indeed such still is, the theory of the Constitution. But in the last fifty years two concurrent and interdependent processes have entirely changed the character of the Commons. The Franchise has been extended, and the burden of taxation (owing to the enormous increase in direct taxation), has been so shifted that it is now borne almost wholly by a small minority of the nation. The voting power of the direct taxpayer is negligible—it is no longer worth while for party leaders to promise a reduction of income tax! Parliament has been turned into a tax-spending body; it no longer pretends to exercise any control over Government finance. This is the case when the Conservatives are in power; when the Progressives (Liberals of the left and Socialists), have a majority, their main object is to urge the Government to still further expenditure. The notion of economy is, by such a majority, regarded as "treason to the working classes."

But even if the desire for economy could be instilled into every Parliament, the situation would be but little improved. Government finance has become so complicated that Parliament cannot understand, far less control it. Administrative expenditure, too, is a matter of great complexity; it is impossible for the average M.P. to understand the exact finance of a Government Department like the Board of Education, dependent as it is on all sorts of bargains, legislative provisions and understandings with local authorities, or the Overseas Settlement Committee, with its grants to societies, to emigrants, to shipping companies and to Dominion Committees. The Treasury exercises a theoretical supervision of this type of expenditure; but since the mad finance of the war period, Treasury control has become a fiction. In practice there is no check whatever.

Clearly, if the British Constitution is indeed a system of checks and balances, as we were told at school, we need to establish a new check upon Government

expenditure. Twice since the war the need has been temporarily and partially met by the appointment of economy committees; the Geddes Committee and the May Committee. And how great is the debt that the nation owes to Sir George May and his colleagues! They warned the nation of the danger that beset us, and they presented the Government with a scheme of economy. The impartial authority of the May Committee made the nation realize its danger—Mr. Snowden, earlier in the year, had tried and failed—and it greatly eased the remedial labours of the National Government.

But the May Committee was only a temporary expedient. We need a permanent body, established by law, not to be dismissed or disregarded by any Government.

I envisage a Commission charged with the duty of reducing expenditure and planning our national finances. The Commission should include elder statesmen of all parties and both Houses (Mr. Snowden is an obvious Chairman), not members of the Government, together with men nominated by Chambers of Commerce, the Federation of British Industries, the T.U.C. and a number of co-opted members. The Commission would normally work through sub-committees. Its duties would be:

- (1) To report regularly upon the state of the national exchequer, and to give timely warning of the approach of conditions which endanger the balancing of the budget.
- (2) In co-operation with the Governor of the Bank of England to report upon and to make recommendations with regard to our banking and monetary policy.
- (3) To report on the probable cost (not only immediate but ultimate cost) of social legislation. The Commission would have the duty of commenting upon the financial memoranda (often very misleading), which the Government issues when new legislation is proposed in Parliament. It would endeavour to check the type of law which imposes ever increasing annual charges upon the State.
- (4) To act, if required, as an impartial Tariff Commission.
- (5) To replace the "Treasury Watchdogs," and ceaselessly to check the wasteful tendencies of the bureaucracy.
- (6) In conjunction with the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, to plan ahead—to budget not for one year, but for five or ten years.

There are many precedents, such as Mr. MacDonald's Economic Advisory Committee, to prepare the public mind for the establishment of such a body. A much more controversial question is the extent of its powers. It may be tentatively suggested that a definite veto, signed by two-thirds of the Commission, on a piece of legislation or of expenditure, should be valid unless a two-thirds majority of the House of Commons overruled it; or the concurrence of a reformed House of Lords might be necessary before a budget which the Commission condemned was enacted. These are controversial subjects, upon which it will be hard to obtain sufficient unanimity; I only plead for thought on such lines. But let the thought lead to action—before it is too late.

THE BENEFITS OF HIGH TAXATION

By S. L. BENSUSAN

IF we may judge by articles appearing in newspapers and by comments heard in public places, or even in the course of private conversations, taxes and taxation have become unpopular; it is well to learn on high authority that this unpopularity should not persist. More than a hundred years ago Samuel Taylor Coleridge published "The Friend," a series of essays "to aid the formation of fixed principles in politics, morals, and religion." In the course of his work he wrote a paper on "Vulgar Errors Respecting Taxes and Taxation," and it may be that a consideration of his arguments will bring about a change of heart in those who persist in regarding tax-collectors with disfavour.

The great poet and philosopher starts out by administering a severe rebuke to Mr. Tom Paine of "The Age of Reason" infamy, and to "a great statesman lately deceased" who said the nation had already been bled in every vein and was faint from loss of blood. A full and fair symbol of taxation, says Mr. Coleridge, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the planet; the sun draws up this moisture and returns it in genial showers. In like fashion the Government disperses capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. Taxation, indeed, is a part of commerce. "Whether a system of taxation is injurious or beneficial on the whole" said Mr. Coleridge, "is to be known not by the amount of the sum taken from each individual, but by what remains behind."

"Peace" continues the poet and essayist, "has its stagnations as well as war, but war creates or enlivens numerous branches of industry. Our naval and military forces, and a part of those of our enemy, are armed and clothed, we are assured, by British manufacturers." Mr. Coleridge goes on to explain that "Napoleon was defeated not so much by the efforts of our armies and navies as by our National Debt, which has wedded in indissoluble union all the interests of the State, the landed with the commercial, and the man of independent fortune with the stirring tradesman and reposing annuitant." By reason of the National Debt, the average Briton who might else scorn laborious days and live delight, has been compelled to bestir himself. "It is the Debt which has planted the naked hills and enclosed the big wastes in the lowlands of Scotland not less than in the wealthier districts of South Britain."

To a friend in the south-west of England who complained that the weight of taxes was making times hard, Mr. Coleridge was able to reply that if taxes were a real weight in proportion to their amount, we must have been ruined long ago, whereas instead of being poorer by reason of taxation, we were richer. "The six hundred millions we owe" he writes, "is less weight to us than fifty millions were in the days of our grandfathers, and we can only attribute this stupendous progression of National improvement to the system of credit and paper currency of which the National Debt is both the reservoir and the water-works. For" continues Mr. Coleridge, "who are a nation's creditors?" and the answer is "Every man to every man." Merchant, landholder, labourer, all are concerned in paying up for their credit's sake, and history records no single instance of such a nation as Great Britain ruined or dissolved by the weight of taxation. In fact, says Mr. Coleridge, repeating himself, the weight of taxes is to be calculated not by what is paid but by what is left. If, in the time of our grandparents, Great Britain could look upon a National Debt of six hundred millions with no more concern than the grandparents of our grandparents had looked

on fifty millions, it follows that we should regard seven thousand millions with equanimity, in the sure faith that our grandchildren will be prosperous under a national debt of eighty-four thousand!

A friend of Mr. Coleridge who passed some years in America, was questioned by an American tradesman concerning the names and numbers of our taxes and rates, and, on being informed, the worthy or unworthy man said, "How is it possible that men can live in such a country? In this land of liberty we never see the face of a tax-gatherer, nor hear of a duty except in our seaports." Mr. Coleridge, more than a little annoyed, was able to assure readers of the "Friend" that this enquirer was grossly deceiving himself and that, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the taxed Englishman was better off than the untaxed American. Mr. Coleridge, always honest, went on to admit that he himself had not been in America, but he added that before we could get a proper comparison we must take away from the American's wages all the taxes which his indolence, sloth, and attachment to "spiritous liquors" imposed on him. It is comforting to note, too, that where foresight and good morals exist, taxes do not stand in the way of an industrious man's comforts.

Finally, the philosopher directs his anger to a writer in a newspaper who has said that for the money wasted on the Walcheren Expedition it would have been possible to (1) build a fleet of upwards of one hundred sail of the line; (2) erect a new town of a thousand houses in every county of England; (3) present a hundred pounds to two thousand poor families in every county in England and Wales; (4) give a dowry to two hundred thousand young women; (5) supply a life-boat to every port in the United Kingdom and invest £100,000 for rewards to those who should save life and to provide for widows and children.

Mr. Coleridge has no difficulty in showing that this contention is all nonsense, because the £10,000,000 spent on the Expedition went in arms, artillery, ammunition, clothing, provisions for about 120,000 British subjects. "We don't want the houses, we don't want a subsidised idleness, and after all, is it not better that our soldiers and sailors should be fighting or learning to fight, rather than be employed in making canals or cultivating waste lands?" Mr. Coleridge, ever faithful to his own conventions, concludes his essay by considering the moral character of the Chinese, and suggesting that when the fifteen millions "which form our present population," have reached the standard of the "Society of Friends," we shall all be Quakers.

Let us then take heart of grace, for we are by no means badly off. Despite the efforts of Mr. Snowden and his immediate predecessors, we still have something left to tax. Instead of a mere fifteen million bearing a burden of six hundred millions, we are fifty millions with an incomparably greater output. Apparently, too, from what we have read in the papers of late, our morals, though they may leave something to be desired, are not altogether inferior to those of the Chinese, and if we have not yet become Quakers, most of us recognize that the Quakers stand high in public esteem and deserve their position at least as much as they did in the time of the author of "Kubla Khan." Added to any satisfaction we may feel in considering the benighted state of our neighbours across the Atlantic, we have the knowledge that they no longer escape taxation, and that the "spiritous liquors" upon which they waste their substance are of a kind that the honest Englishman would scorn.

ATHEISM AND MORAL VALUES

BY LADY (MAUD) SIMON

AT the recent meeting of the British Association the term "religion" was bandied about in some of the Addresses as if it stood for something as definite as poetry, music or some other pursuit or achievement, but without any indication of what was really meant by it. There was, so far as appears, no mention of the two pivots of religion, theism and super-naturalism, and "religion," as akin to "that blessed word Mesopotamia" was simply shot into the air like a firework, to dissolve into coloured lights pleasing to the fancy.

This use of the word in question is as common as lying, but some examples of it, by Members of the British Association, are given here to serve as an introduction, and at the same time as a contrast, to a more direct way of looking at the subject.

General Smuts in his presidential address, alludes to "the free creativeness of mind," and in relation to this says: "Among the human values thus created science ranks with . . . religion . . . More and more," he continues, "science is beginning to make a profound religious appeal."

In the next sentence the President added, "Indeed it may fairly be said that science is perhaps the clearest revelation of God to our age." But later on in the address he says, "Besides science we have other forms of this inner relation between the mind and the universe, such as . . . religion."

Sir Arthur Thompson speaking in his address, "Biology in the Service of Man," of its "ethical import," observes that "biology supplies data of which religion must take account."

A dictionary definition of theism is as follows: "Belief in the existence of God with or without a belief in a special revelation."

In the second sense theism is nearly synonymous with deism, which is defined as belief in the existence of God "but not in revealed religion." (Sic, not in any revelation.)*

For the present purpose "theism" is used in the first sense, i.e., as implying belief in revelation. This is its meaning in religion where it also carries with it definite belief in a superhuman personal power, by whom natural law is controlled and varied as occasion arises. At the same time the laws which govern nature as we know it, and the universe as far as we know it, are regarded as set in motion by the same power which, it is believed, can suspend them or alter their operation. A conception of theism which stands for less than this leaves little meaning in the forms and liturgies of institutional religion, whether in its primitive or advanced stages. That is, if people are reasonable enough to face the tenets of religion with the same acumen which serves them in the ordinary affairs of life.

Let any honest individuals of average intelligence explain their attitude towards, say, prayers for certain kinds of weather, or Harvest Festivals (presumably a survival of those celebrated in honour of Demeter and Persephone), or petitions for ships on stormy seas (however touched by the poetry of the hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save"), or for escape from any of the pains and penalties of this mortal life. If the position is faced fairly and squarely it will be perceived that petitions to a Deity—whether the God of Christianity or of any other religion—to work wonders and play fast and loose with natural law, is really a survival of the belief of primitive man, and of more or less "savage" races to-day, in magic.

*No attempt is made here to enter into the metaphysical aspects of theism versus deism.

And the belief in magic has no moral significance whatever. It is the antithesis of the uniformity of natural laws, and had its origin in the primitive superstition that their action could be controlled or varied if we knew how to do it, or how to get at the powers behind them. This superstition has always placed a powerful weapon in the hands of medicine man, priest, or any one who could establish the claim to exercise or invoke control of mysterious forces for good or ill. Under many modern guises and disguises magic still has its attractions, but the moral sense of a more enlightened humanity has robbed it of its worst dangers.

Recent events have shown how easily prayers for supernatural intervention may develop into competitions. When keen controversy arose over the new version of the Church of England Prayer Book, it was finally rejected by Parliament on the ground that it went beyond Protestant belief, and in some parts was a reversion, as Bishop Barnes stoutly maintains, to medieval belief in magic. But the crux of the situation is that both sides, for and against the new Prayer Book, claimed Divine guidance and prayed for victory accordingly.

When the cry arose of Religious Persecution in Russia, all the disputants made common cause against it, even to the length of joining forces with such opposite extremes as Popery and the Jewish hierarchy, so strong was the conviction that all types of theism however incompatible with each other, were preferable to Soviet atheism. In support of this position a fraternal hand was also extended to the Moslem faith, a gesture which might have disturbed an observant Hindu. And yet in the Good Friday Collect of the English Prayer Book, Jews and Turks, in company with infidels and heretics are prayed for as being specially in need of divine mercy.

Further knowledge has shown that the "persecution" cry was exaggerated, and, in any case, suppression was probably a more accurate term for the movement. The point to be noted here is that the theism in defence of which the agitation started, implies supernatural revelation, however contradictory may be the form in which it is apprehended by human nature. And though we are all strongly united in opposing intolerance whether atheistic or theistic, it must also be noted that the "persecution" which awoke such a storm of indignation in the religious world was the merest speck as compared with the religious persecutions waged by theists among themselves in the Ages of Faith, when belief in super-naturalism was far more vital to theism and far more sincerely held than it is to-day. Those were the days also in which the belief often went hand in hand with moral degradation, and even infamy, in the Church itself.

In the days of resort to oracles and the like, the Greeks, we are told, "consulted for public purposes," the Delphic oracle, which occupied "a position resembling in some respects that of the papacy in the middle ages of Europe." In some respects also, the appeal of the ancient world for superhuman, or super-mundane, direction in public affairs is repeated in our own country to-day. The Primate's public appeal for "prayer for the help and guidance of Almighty God" during this time of national anxiety, in which emphasis is laid upon the "special value and significance attached to united prayer," and which has been warmly supported by the Roman Catholic and Free Churches—is the modern form of the call for enlightenment from the oracle, though we are no longer faced, as the

Greeks were, with "the growing political importance of the shrine."

The atheist wonders sadly what relation the Almightiness of the God, who is asked to guide this nation through its financial and political crisis, bears to the Yangtze floods, famine and pestilence? (It has been computed, so the *Times* states, that fifty millions have perished in the floods.)

Atheism, standing as it does for the rejection of belief in supernatural intervention either in human affairs or the order of nature, is still largely used as a term of opprobrium, and against it pious hands are held up in horror.* But consolation can be gained from the reflection that it has behind it no black pages of history such as belong to the annals of the theism which it repudiates. And the atheist who is also a

*The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, reviewing in *The Literary Guide*, Prof. A. G. Taylor's Gifford Lectures, uses the term "anti-theistic," probably as being less wounded to deepseated, if not deep thinking, susceptibilities than "atheistic." Yet we do not shudder at "atheist" in its application to such a personality as the "great Scotsman," David Hume. Nor does Swinburne lower his rank as poet because he can be described as "An Atheist Singer."

lover of truth and justice, denies, as he looks back, that theistic beliefs have been the driving force in human progress, but finds that they have followed in the wake of human standards of conduct and human ideals. Semitic and Moslem faiths both share Abraham as a "prophet," and in the Biblical legend the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, is represented as a God who demanded—though afterwards relenting—the human sacrifice of a son by a father, as a test of allegiance to Himself. Even Christian theism did nothing to check "man's inhumanity to man," or to animals, during many centuries when a gospel of humanity was most needed to combat cruelty, the very thought of which sickens our more sensitive natures to-day. These things have been bettered—though much still remains to be done—by human action "by pity enlightened," not by signs and wonders, and it is in human nature and in what it can and will achieve, that atheism puts trust.

Facts such as are briefly recalled here should not be overlooked when an attempt is made to estimate the moral values of the "anti-theistic" outlook which springs, not from indifference to these values, but from weighing them in the balance.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE TALKING FILM

BY THE HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH

IN comparing talking pictures with the legitimate theatre it is time people realized that the two branches of artistic expression are based on entirely different principles. The Muse of the talkies is not the Muse of the stage. The talking film is a natural development of the silent motion picture, and not, as some would lead us to believe, a step forward in stage production. In trying to make a sound picture merely, as it were, a glorified version of a stage play, with more elaborate settings and greater scope of effect, one is apt to lose the virtues of the stage proper without retaining the advantages of the motion film. To take only one instance, the technique of the stage dialogue is a thing apart from the technique required in sound picture dialogue. The art of making a good talkie is to combine the talking and sound effects with the ordinary silent motion film effects in such a way that the one is indispensable to the other. Even when using dialogue in a talkie it is quite different from a mere photographic and sound record of a scene from a stage play. We may have a reproduction of sound specifically like the stage play, such as two people quarrelling in a room. In the stage play we just see the room and the people and we hear the talk and quarrel. In the talkie we could set up the camera in such a way as to have exactly the same effect, but it is found possible to give the camera freedom to roam about filming the scene from different angles—a close view here and there of some significant object in the room—of the speakers' faces, using it in a kind of rhythmical relation to the fierceness of the quarrel, and so get what I might call a visual as well as an audible "kick" out of the scene. In practice this is done by what we technically speak of as "cutting."

As for the love interest in modern films, this is not actually essential to a first-class talkie, though it is in fact found in most of the good pictures. The pity of it is that so many films to-day over-emphasize sentiment. Some of the American productions are the worst offenders, but even they are beginning to improve. The love theme, if treated properly, has been found a sound basis for most popular films. Its universal appeal to all classes and to all types makes it almost an inevitable ingredient if the box office receipts are not to be disappointing to the exhibitor. There are exceptions—"Journey's End" and a few others—but they were produced for the stage before

ever they were adapted to films, and they find their way to the studios, as a rule only after their theatrical success is assured.

Sentiment, treated humorously, has been the basis of some of the best films of recent years, particularly among English producers. A good sentimental comedy about middle-class life takes a lot of beating.

I am not much of a believer in big names. I think the days of the big "star" are coming to an end. In the vast majority of cases "stars" are the outcome of unlimited expenditure on publicity by American film magnates. Elstree cannot compete with Hollywood in this direction, she has not the resources at her command, but she seems to get on quite well without all this ballyhoo exploitation. Though exploitation will make a "star," continued publicity is no guarantee of continued public favour. The "star" must live up to the reputation thus created, otherwise eclipse is inevitable. After a few years most "stars" find this task too much of a strain. They marry directors or stockbrokers and are soon forgotten. "Sic transit Gloria."

All producers have their dreams. I am no exception. One of my ambitions is to produce a film with the background of Covent Garden. Its possibilities are immense. In the Opera House you have an institution known all over the world and with its roots firmly embedded in the literary and artistic soil of England, a national institution saturated in emotional drama offering unlimited scope for film work. Wedded to it is the famous market with its variety of men and emotions, its motley medley of types, its Cockney costers and well-to-do-buyers, its flower girls and fair customers from Mayfair rubbing shoulders, and just across the road Bow Street police station with its daily panorama of tragedy and comedy.

The language difficulty is the great obstacle to the fuller development of talkies. This may be overcome by producing multilingual pictures, or else some process will shortly be standardized by which they may be converted at comparatively little expense into any desired language. This is the more probable solution. The employment of different sets of actors and actresses to record the different languages in one play is an expensive business, and though it has been done will have to give way to a more economical process.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

IS FEMINISM DECADENT ?

YES, BY CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH.

As brevity is the soul of wit, so is precision of reasonable debate. What is meant by feminism and decadence? Feminism, surely, means the enfranchisement of the feminine mind in public, as opposed to domestic affairs. Decadence means the systematic and deliberate debasement of political and moral conduct to standards progressively declining below the highest abstract standards available—in our case the Christian standards, the ethical "Gold Standard."

The mind of a woman is ego-centric, and refers debatable questions to the woman's natural self—in fact, to nature. This natural ego-centricity is concerned little, if at all, with abstractions; justice, mercy, morality, and honour itself, being to a woman personal, and therefore ephemeral, matters, dependent on circumstance and relativity, rather than on eternal verities. In short: a woman is without abstract standards which, in her heart, she despises as impractical on those rare occasions when she can apprehend them. Thus Mrs. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde are always room-mates, and generally bed-mates. Do they ever fail to consult one another? I think not. The "goodness" of a woman is thus dependent upon environment, upon desire and affection.

In a true man, on the other hand, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—the supernatural and the natural—occupy different rooms in the same building, and are scarcely on nodding terms. Hyde is always powerful and Jekyll generally weak, but they remain apart. Thus, when judging himself or society, and giving judgment the force of law, an unfeminized man apprehends abstract truth and, to do the poor wretch justice, he generally sides with the angels, no matter how miserable a sinner he knows himself to be; and this is not hypocrisy. In short: man is the servant of the Abstract and woman of nature and materialism, if publicly released from the control of the Jekyll in man.

Heretofore man has ruled England, the quality of that rule depending upon the relative strength of his spiritual and natural components. To-day woman rules with the consent of man's natural self.

In politics, abstract principles, from their nature changeless, are openly ridiculed by feminized politicians. Physical comfort and pleasure, sentimental economics, "technical" education, the line of least resistance, leaning on others and "safety first," are the aims of a feminist Parliament. Government is no longer executive: the chatter of a mothers' meeting has usurped the manly habit of command. Pacifism, a horrid distillation from feminism, represents the feminine approach to the realities of war. Whether championing or denouncing war, a woman's mind, emotion, and sense, fix themselves on the panoplies and horrors of war and not at all on the abstract principle at issue. "Nothing can justify war," a popular belief to-day, is a feminist view. The thought of wounds and physical death, the loss of pleasure, wealth, security, and of ego-centric loves, excludes from the woman's mind those eternal verities for which a man will die.

And what of the sexes—woman's everlasting concern? Feminism kills mutual respect, and finally love, but of self-respect naturalism knows nothing, for to Nature there is no self. Woman is the earthly home of a manly spirit, but homes are becoming brothels in which Mr. and Mrs. Hyde wanton with feminism while Dr. Jekyll stands at the door and knocks.

The language, conversation and habits of feminism, once given an ugly name by men, are now sanctified by Feminist Bishops.

If this is decadence feminism is the cause, and feminism stands condemned.

NO, BY THE LADY MURIEL KIRKPATRICK

IMMEDIATELY a woman does anything which is at all remarkable a number of prominent men make it an opportunity to point an accusing finger at the female sex.

"Another step nearer decadence," they say, assuming that an increasing number of women in public life means a corresponding decrease in national efficiency.

This condemnation is merely the result of fear. Man sees his centuries old monopoly dwindling, and dreads the day when it may disappear altogether. Each day his barriers grow weaker and in despair he talks of "home and children being sacrificed to feminine love of notoriety."

Because women have entered the political field, the law courts, counting houses and offices once sacred to man, because her feats on the sports field, the race track and in the air have called forth a certain measure of praise, we are at once denounced as being on the way to decadence. Surely our ability to do something more than look after a home and bring up children is in our favour rather than to the contrary. Woman's capabilities are equal to those of men, but are different. She has had neither his training nor his opportunities and in trying to make her influence felt she is derided by the sex whose old monopoly is threatened.

I can well understand the 1890 type of man denouncing us as decadent. He is the pompous individual who opposed our franchise and independence in public life. To accept woman as anything but a mere shadow compared with himself is a violation of every existing canon and principle of his life. But I doubt whether the majority of men regard woman's increasing influence and work as anything but satisfactory. If women doctors can bring fresh minds to surgical problems, if women economists can view matters from a new angle so much the better for the common good. It is a fact that women are achieving great things. In the cinema, the theatre, the newspaper world and in literature as well as art women are showing powers quite equal to those of man.

Till the present century woman has been under the domination of man, and our financial troubles and industrial depression could be traced to man's superb egotism untempered by the unflinching instinct of woman. In the home man and woman play an equal part with generally satisfactory results, yet in national and international matters if woman lends assistance immediately the word "decadence" makes its appearance.

Feminism, far from exercising a decadent influence, is one of the most healthy movements in a war-weary world. Some of the most ardent pacifists are to be found in feminist circles and I believe their power and influence will go far towards outlawing war. If foreign affairs were run conjointly by men and women, I doubt whether world peace would again be jeopardized.

At the present time of national and financial crisis we need the best brains, ideals and thoughts. Whether it be a man or woman who provides them is immaterial. Genius is invaluable irrespective of its owner, and if a woman possess it she should have an equal scope for its use. Each time women who are taking an important part in the world, are termed decadent I am secretly glad. It merely means men have a sneaking fear that a really clever woman will come along and take their job, and this, in turn, spurs them on to greater efforts.

TALKING SUSSEX

By L. J. RAMSEY

THE time is rapidly approaching when all the people of our country will talk alike. Even the accent, peculiar to a locality, tends to disappear, and the younger generation, now growing up, does not even understand local expressions that were common, even as late as ten years ago.

Sussex was almost a different language. In the Sussex language there are words and expressions understood only by Sussex folk and when you hear these spoken by a real old Sussex native, if you are a foreigner, as the Sussex man calls all those outside his county, you will not understand what he is talking about.

Sussex, although so near to London, was for the most part unconquered, either by invaders or by the spread of new ideas. There are men and women living in my own village who recall that, when the first mechanical farm implement was used here the military had to be called out from the nearest barracks to quell the riots. The Sussex native has always resisted new ideas as long as he could. The very formation of his land helped him, for lying between the Downs and the sea was marshland that was a death-trap to the invaders, and the thick forests were the haunts of wild beasts and all sorts of supernatural beings, according to the Sussex men.

If you lived outside Sussex, you came "from the sheeres," and you might as well not exist as be a foreigner. "From the sheeres" might mean anywhere, outside Sussex. An old man talking to my father said of a stranger:

"He's a furriner. Comes from the sheeres. New Zealand, or Cornwall, or somewhere."

Some Sussex words have been adopted into colloquial talk everywhere. The word *contraption*, for example, is pure Sussex. "I don't like there here newfangled contraptions." *Squinney*, again, is pure Sussex. "Take a squinney through this window."

The Sussex native, hearing a strange word that took his fancy, would adopt it, but make it mean what he wanted it to mean, regardless of its origin. The word *crock*, for instance, in Sussex means a smut or smudge. "You've got a crock on your nose." Denial is another adopted word. "Her deathness, i.e., deafness, is a great denial to her." Denial here evidently means hindrance. *Hypocrite*, as used by a Sussex man, means a lame person. "She can't walk without her crutches. She's quite a hypocrite." When a Sussex man says: "That don't argify nothin'" he has taken the word *argue* with the ending of *signify* and made it mean *signify*. It means what he wants it to mean.

Even the etymologist would be hard put to it to find the origin of some Sussex words. "She's a nasty *brabagious* creature," evidently denotes a quarrelsome woman. All the definitely Sussex words are expressive and convey a meaning, even the first time you hear them. "My boy looked at me very *budge*, i.e., solemn." A solemn-looking child often gets the nickname of *Budge*.

Bumblesome, meaning misfitting, is a dressmaker's word. "I can't get this skirt to set. It's all bumblesome."

Poud, meaning a boil or pimple, I first heard one day when I was making a bonfire in the garden. An old man put his head over the hedge. "Don't 'ee go for to burn elder, or 'ee'll come all up in pouds." This is evidently a deep-rooted superstition, dating from the days of the heathen gods, for the elder was dedicated to Pan.

A dessick is a day's work. Here the etymology is evident, if you say the two words quickly enough.

Ellynge means eerie or solitary. A hogo is a foul smell, and a killick is a romp. To cut anything unevenly is to mommick, and a tissick is a tickling cough. To zarnick is to idle: thus, a mother tells her child:

"Come straight home from school an' don't 'ee go zarnicking about."

To fly in a passion is to be "up top o' the house." A person who is slightly deaf is said to be thick o' hearing. To know a person under every circumstance, both good and bad, is to summer and winter 'em. A fretful child is a Peter Grievous. "Jump around and hang by nothing" means hurry up. To have rather too much of a good thing is to have a faggot above a load. "His missus'll give 'ee a dish o' tongues when he comes home," means that his wife will give him a good talking to.

The Sussex man uses euphemisms when he speaks of intoxication. Nothing will induce him to use the word *drunk*. A man who has had too much to drink is said to have had a little beer. A drunkard is one who "likes his half-pint." A man half-seas over is one who is "none the better for what he's had." And one who is helplessly drunk is a man "nowise tossicated."

If a Sussex maiden says "Adone, adone," or "Oh, do, adone!" she means you to go on, but if she says "Adone, do," you must stop at once.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

MORATORIUM

CREDIT in the commercial sense of the word implies deferred payment for goods received or services rendered, and it depends on two combined factors: (a) the character of the debtor, and (b) an estimate of the future course of trade.

The weight given to each factor depends largely on circumstances. Unless the debtor is of good character he may attempt to evade payment, which means trouble and expense in collection of the debt; but the statistics of hire-purchase companies show that, although allowance has to be made for this point, the average standard of honesty among individual debtors is extremely high. On the other hand, adverse circumstances may make it impossible for a debtor either to continue the payment of interest on his debt, or to repay the principal at the stipulated date, or to repay the combined interest and principal as originally arranged.

In the individual debtor is of good character, and has honestly tried to fulfil his engagement to the limit of his ability, the creditor may allow him a period of grace, or even revise the terms of the bargain. Where a whole class of debtors is concerned, or an entire State is involved in international obligations which cannot be met, it may be impossible to collect the debt (even if it were possible to pay it) by legal methods; and in these circumstances the payment is suspended for the time being on the understanding, either that the bargain is to be fulfilled at some subsequent date, or that it is revised during the period of temporary suspension.

This suspension is called a moratorium, and it may be for three days, as in England in August, 1914; for a year, as in the Reparations Agreement of 1931; or even longer.

STORY

MAD MARJORIE

BY SIMON RAW

I

MARJORIE JENKINSON was extraordinarily happy. She was going to have a baby.

At first she had not wanted one very much. Her husband was enough for her, she had said to herself proudly; a child would only come between them and divide them, and she did not want anything to distract attention from her hero. (Of course, he was not really a hero—as a matter of fact, he was a company promoter—but then this is a very old story.)

It was in the long, lonely evenings that Marjorie began to wish she had a child of her own; it would not have come between them after all, she told herself, with the mature experience of the ten-year married wife, and it would have been a companion to her when Horace was away. It might have taken after him, too, and reminded her of the absent company promoter as it sucked a bottle in its perambulator. (Horace preferred a stronger brew.)

But the more she wanted the child the less likely it seemed that she would have it after all these years; and her younger sister, who had married since Marjorie and already had five children, laughed a queer little laugh when the subject was broached to her. "Afraid you have left it rather late, my dear," she said with the smile of superior experience. Marjorie supposed she was right, this matronly younger sister—and then one day the incredible thing happened, and she knew she was going to have a child.

II

A telegraph boy walked up the trim garden path of the villa where Marjorie lived. She thought nothing of a telegram—Horace usually corresponded by telegram, and wired home when his arrangements were altered, as they were about three times a week. She thought nothing of this telegram until she opened it, and there, staring her in the face, was the news that Horace had been run over by a van outside his office and killed instantly.

Marjorie knew nothing more—she fell down in a dead faint. Then, after a long, long time, she was vaguely conscious of being very ill, of lying in bed with a nurse bending over her; but sometimes the nurse was somebody else, and sometimes she was not there at all. Whenever Marjorie tried to think, she found her head swam: all she knew was that she seemed to have been lying there for years in an unfamiliar room, with unfamiliar people round her. She could not remember anything that had happened before, but she wondered vaguely whether she was to lie there for ever.

But one day when she awoke her head was clear, and they told her she would be allowed to get up soon. Then things began to come back to her, and she remembered that her husband was dead. But somehow things had changed in this strange, new world, and the loss of Horace did not matter very much. Something else mattered far more, but she could not think what it was.

Then it came to mind—her baby. She could not understand what they had done with it. She had been ill so long—it must have been born while she was ill—and they had kept it from her. But she wanted it more than ever, and now she was better surely they would let her have it. She remembered now—she had planned it was to be a real companion to her. She had chosen the name—naturally it was to be Horace, but somehow that had changed, too, during her illness, and it had become Diana. She must have Diana at once.

That very evening Marjorie asked the nurse. But the woman shook her head, and said something about "an operation . . . no baby now . . . only way to save your life," which sounded incredibly foolish.

When Marjorie pleaded earnestly the nurse looked surprised and startled, and fetched the doctor. Marjorie saw him looking at her with a curious expression, and he asked a few questions which she did not understand. Then he fetched a little squirt sort of thing, and lifted the sleeve of her nightgown and pricked her arm; she heard him say something to the nurse about "mental balance slightly affected . . . important to avoid another shock . . . opiate," which sounded absurd. But then she fell asleep, and the next few days the nurse was unusually gentle with her.

III

Marjorie came back to life again, and as her strength returned she began to understand. But she missed her baby. It was far more real to her than Horace, although she often received letters from the managers and executors of her husband's estate on notepaper headed the Horace Jenkinson Corporation, Limited—somehow they had turned him into a corporation now that he was dead, which seemed a very strange kind of resurrection of the body indeed.

Marjorie did not mention Diana, because she was afraid they would talk about her mental balance again, and she began to think the world was a little mad not to know that she knew her baby, and the world therefore must be humoured, as one does humour mad things. One day she broached the subject timidly to her sister, but that excellent matron said decisively, "Well, it's very sad at the time to lose a child you've longed for—I know what it means, my dear. But perhaps it's all for the best in the end, children are more bother than they are worth in the long run."

Marjorie knew better than her experienced sister. But she did not mention Diana again; it was no good. She knew that her sister was mad—that remark about children being more bother than they were worth convinced her of that.

But the child was so amazingly real that it began to occupy all her thoughts. Horace became the vaguest of memories, a shadowy financier with wings in heaven who somehow contrived to pay her substantial cheques through the solid corporation into which he had been transformed on earth; but poor little Diana! Marjorie fancied it was at her side; she often heard it crying for her in the night, and when she woke it ceased. She told herself it was because she had stretched out her arms to take it into bed with her, so that she could hold the poor little lonely thing against her warm breast.

Marjorie often talked to Diana now. At first the child only came to her at night, when the house was very still, but as time went on the little thing began to gain confidence, and Marjorie was conscious of its presence at other times. One evening when she was sitting alone, after tea, the door suddenly opened; Marjorie thought it was only a draught—for she was not naturally an imaginative woman—but then she heard a voice say distinctly, "Put me to bed, mummy, I'm tired."

It was so real, that she went upstairs with her arm crossed as though she were carrying the child over her shoulder. The cook passed her on the way up, and Marjorie noticed that the blowzy female gave her a peculiar look as she came along the passage. It amazed her that nobody else was aware of the child's

presence in the house; she knew now that the world was mad.

After that Diana came to her almost every day—sometimes even when people were in the room she was conscious of the little girl's presence, and once when she was pouring out afternoon tea for a caller she felt a tug at her skirt. She excused herself for a few moments, and left the room. When Marjorie returned an hour later the visitor had gone, and she never called again. It was the new vicar's wife, and the vicar only gave Marjorie a distant greeting when he met her in the street after that episode.

IV

Never did Diana fail Marjorie when she was lonely and wanted comfort. The years passed and Diana began to grow up—Marjorie knew she was a fine big child by this time, with long wavy hair and winning ways. She was intelligent, too—she and her mother understood each other perfectly, and the rest of the world mattered nothing at all.

And then one day Marjorie's sister and her family descended on her for a long visit. It appeared that the husband had run away with another woman and left them penniless, and they expected Marjorie to keep them indefinitely. They were rather emphatic on that point, she noticed, and her sister enlarged on Marjorie's ample resources with evident pleasure at every meal. Marjorie did not in the least mind her wealth being praised, or sharing it with her sister, for she was a generous woman; but her sister rather overdid the part. She was emphatic that it was Marjorie's duty to educate her nephews and nieces and plant them out in the world. "You can easily afford it, my dear, being a childless widow," she said.

Marjorie stared at her in amazement. The woman was mad! If she went on like that she would become intolerable. A childless widow!

But then a terrible thing happened. Diana came no more. At first it was only in the day-time that she disappeared, and Marjorie made excuses for her—she could not be expected to associate with her loud, vulgar cousins, who strummed on the piano and broke the springs of the armchairs and scratched the furniture. Diana had never done any damage of that kind.

But after a time Diana came no more at all, even at night. Marjorie lay awake for hours, expecting her, but she never came. Marjorie looked ill and wretched after these broken nights, and her sister advised a change—"sea-air will do you good, my dear, and we will take care of the house while you are away. Stay as long as you like, and don't bother about us—we shall make ourselves at home."

Marjorie dared not go. Diana might come for her in the night and think that her mother had deserted her. At all costs she must remain at home.

V

Three months passed, and no Diana came. And then Marjorie felt she could stand it no longer. She put an advertisement in the personal column of *The Times*, asking Diana to return, and requesting anybody who had seen the child to communicate with her. She gave her name and address.

Her sister happened to see the advertisement. "Who on earth is Diana?" she asked, bursting into Marjorie's room. Marjorie was lying in bed; the very bed which Diana had often shared with her. She was too weak to guard her secret; she told her sister everything.

"I always thought you were mad, Marjorie," said that practical person contemptuously, and vanished. Marjorie heard her engaged on mysterious activities below—she thought she caught the echo of a long colloquy with the cook, but she could not be certain. After all, it did not matter—she only wanted Diana, and the post might bring something.

The post did bring something—two letters from

people who wanted her to adopt their babies, one or two religious tracts called "Consolation" or something like that, and several offers from private detectives. Marjorie ignored the people with babies to adopt—she did not want other people's babies—she only wanted Diana, and the tracts were useless. But she thought of writing to one of the private detectives.

But then her sister suddenly and most unexpectedly became sympathetic and helpful; she introduced an extremely kind gentleman, who seemed to come from nowhere in particular, but said he had come to help her—only she must confide in him and tell him everything before he could be of any service. Marjorie told him without hesitation, and he said he would do his best for her.

Then another gentleman appeared, also apparently from nowhere. He was even more intelligent than the first, and made no secret of his sympathy. But Marjorie wished to make quite sure, and as he was going she asked him if he could really help her to find Diana. "I think I can promise you that," he said—a little sadly, perhaps, which struck her as curious in so helpful and clever an individual. "We will soon make things right for you," were his parting words as he shook hands. Marjorie turned over and went to sleep happily for the first time for weeks.

Some days later a telegram arrived, and her sister told her she was to go and see the gentleman who had called on her. "He has found Diana!" said Marjorie, overjoyed. She hurried upstairs to dress herself; she put on her very best clothes, for this was the greatest day in her life—the day when she was to see Diana, and never to leave her again. She was a little sorry to notice a few grey hairs over her forehead—she had not noticed them before. But they did not matter much—she was going to see Diana.

Her sister went with her—she seemed to know the right address. Marjorie had not wanted her to come, because nobody must see the meeting between Diana and herself. She did not like to object, but she was inexpressibly relieved when her sister said she would only take her to the door of the house they were going to. "You will find a friend there," she said, "who came to see you in your trouble."

It was one of the gentlemen who had been so sympathetic, Marjorie discovered. Somehow she had expected him, and she did not take much notice when her sister kissed her good-bye and left her rather hurriedly and nervously.

They were very kind to her. She had not been told that she was to sleep there, but they soon explained that; and she quite understood presently that Diana would know where to find her, if she kept quiet and waited patiently enough.

But somehow Diana never came again. Whether Marjorie's sister had broken the spell, or whether the ghosts of unborn children are too timid to enter an asylum for lunatics, I cannot say; but Diana never came.

Marjorie thinks the child is dead now. She always wears black, and she is waiting for the day to come when she can join Diana in the next world; she is very patient and resigned. Somehow she has quite forgotten Horace.

But her sister, who lives quite happily in the villa which Horace bought in his lifetime, on the proceeds of the Horace Jenkinson Corporation, into which his death so strangely transferred him, has by no means forgotten Horace. She does not admit that Diana has been still more useful than Horace, but then she is painfully sane—is Marjorie's sister.

Her sister and the rest of the world think that Marjorie is mad. But Marjorie knows that her sister and the rest of the world are mad.

She often tells her sympathetic doctor so, and he smiles patiently back at her and says there may be something in it after all.

FOR "SATURDAY" WOMEN

TEA-TIME IN WINTER

BY MARY SEATON

IT is sad to find the last leaves fallen from the trees and to realize that the joys of summer are long past. But even this season of the year has its compensations. A wistful beauty haunts the countryside. Little shop windows gleam brightly in the early evening, and there is wood smoke in the air. London, too, expresses a new charm. Five o'clock is the magic hour when dusk creeps upon the streets. Curtains are being drawn, hiding what were a moment ago enchanted interiors, mysterious with firelight. Indoors, a pleasant liveliness prevails. Tables are set out and chairs drawn forward. Tea-time is here.

No meal, to my mind, can ever possess the same intimate charm as tea round the fire in winter. How delightful it is to leave the cold streets behind and to enter a room rosy with lamplight. Hot muffins and a freshly-filled tea-pot can soothe the heaviest cares. Entertaining friends becomes a pleasure, too, for this is an informal meal, easily prepared, quickly served.

Many people favour the sit-down-at-table tea, but I much prefer to see a circle of chairs drawn round the fire. And everyone can be comfortable if a nest of tables is used, each guest being provided with a small table just large enough to hold a plate and a cup and saucer. These tables fit inside one another, so that they can be packed away in a small space after the little gathering is over. A circular table standing about eighteen inches from the floor and measuring three feet across is quite a practical idea when there are only two or three people, while a tea wagon brought in and wheeled up beside it helps considerably. Two-tier wagons are now made in attractive colourings, with a cellulose surface so that hot plates and saucers will not make a mark nor stains be left behind. And I have seen a very useful wagon which can be wheeled into position, and the top shelf then lowered smoothly sideways to rest next to the bottom shelf so that a table is formed.

Cushions and footstools add much to everybody's comfort. And for a solitary tea-hour there is an ideal book-rest which stretches across the arms of an easy chair. A convenient prop for the book is in the centre of the rest, and there is room on either side of it for a cup and saucer and a plate.

Lighting plays an important part in making the tea-table attractive. Firelight is ideal, while candlelight comes a close second. Such lovely "Venetian" candles can be bought, to tone with any colour scheme, and a charming effect is achieved if their tint is re-echoed in the linen and china and in a bowl of flowers. One unusually pretty Newport pottery tea-service has a design of crocuses on it in flame, yellow and green. This would look charming with a primrose-coloured tablecloth and a green bowl with yellow floating chrysanthemums. And there could be pale yellow candles in small candlesticks painted with circles of flame, green and yellow.

If you are accustomed to use a silver tea-pot, sugar basin and jug, silver candlesticks combined with candles repeating one of the colours in the china would be really exquisite. Softest blush pink has become a popular colour for china. Picture a tea-set of this colour on a white tablecloth of drawn thread work, and pale pink candles lighting up a bowl of pink and white carnations. The candlesticks and tea-pot would be of silver. A table lamp is an alternative to candles and can give a charming effect, throwing a circle of light over the table and stealing out to

meet the colours of the cushions supporting appreciative shoulders.

The problem of lighting and colour for your table being carefully thought out, practical matters must next be considered. Linen must always be spotlessly fresh, so perhaps you may prefer table mats instead of a cloth. These are so much easier to launder, and now are quite inexpensive to buy. If you are fond of toast for tea, you may like to use an electric toaster. And an electric kettle solves the question of hot water for "second cups."

A large home-made cake makes an excellent standby, in case unexpected friends should call. A layer of white sugar in the bottom of your tin ensures cakes and biscuits keeping crisp for weeks, and it is worth while knowing that if, by any chance, a cake or loaf becomes stale, you can bring it back almost to its first condition by painting it with milk and heating it in the oven.

Home-made breads, scones and cakes are always favourites. And home-made jam is appreciated—especially if spread on thin bread and butter and topped with whipped cream.

For a substantial tea nothing can be nicer than poached eggs on toasted and buttered muffins, with a thin slice of York ham slipped in underneath each egg. But for an ordinary occasion I like to begin my tea party with home-made scones, made by mixing together three-quarters of a pound of flour and one teaspoonful of salt, and rubbing in three ounces of butter. To this I add one tablespoonful of sugar, two beaten eggs and one gill of milk, mixing all smoothly together. I then roll out the paste one inch thick, stamp it into rounds and bake in a hot oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Sandwiches are easy to make and are attractive when cut into fancy shapes and sprinkled with mustard and cress.

Try making some fancy breads. Saffron cake can be eaten as bread, and though old-fashioned, makes a welcome change for most of us. My special recipe consists of two-and-a-half pounds of plain flour, fifteen ounces of fat—composed of equal quantities of margarine and lard, eight ounces of sugar, one pound of currants, a half of one candied lemon, half an ounce of yeast, and half a drachm of saffron. The first thing to do is to roll out the saffron with a rolling pin, then dry it in a cool oven. To bring out its colour, add one teaspoonful of sugar to it and then pour over it half a cupful of boiling water. Rub the fat into the flour and add the sugar, currants and finely cut peel. Mix all together, add half the hot saffron water and then the yeast. Mix this in well, then add the remainder of the saffron water and mix into a light dough mixture. Place in a greased loaf tin, set in a warm place to rise to double its size, and bake as for any bun mixture.

Do not forget to have cigarettes on your table. Sets of colourful ash trays are now made, so you will be able to provide one tray for every guest.

I always find that a good way of prolonging a tea-party is to place small dishes of salted almonds and sweets on the table. After the sandwiches and cakes have been enjoyed, it is pleasant to smoke and talk and stretch forward now and again for some morsel out of one of the small dishes.

[We invite suggestions from our women readers for this page.—ED.]

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Waterloo Bridge. Directed by James Whale. The Capitol.

Honour of the Family. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Plaza.

WHEN Mr. Whale directed "Journey's End" both he and the scenario writer followed the text so faithfully that the screen version was nothing but a good photograph of the play. Since the latter was an unusually good piece of work it followed that the picture could not but attract attention and most people, thankful that the coherence and texture of the original had not been maltreated, sang the praises of Mr. Whale in no uncertain manner. It occurred to me then that Mr. Whale had been fortunate to have been launched from such slips, and I hoped his next venture would not be such a cast-iron certainty before the cameras were even set up, so that one might gauge with some degree of accuracy how good Mr. Whale really was.

In "Waterloo Bridge," which comes to the Capitol this week, he has very poor material upon which to build a picture. The story is the old one of a man who idealises the lady of easy virtue, introduces her to his family and is saved from marriage, in the first place by her quixotism, and in the second by her timely death. The period is the war and the scene is London, but neither the production, nor, I am afraid, the direction make either the story or the atmosphere credible.

Good British directors are so rare that I had hoped Mr. Whale contributed more to "Journey's End" than was apparent, but in the light of "Waterloo Bridge" I am afraid that the camera man and Mr. Sherriff did the trick. Final judgment, however, of the possibilities of Mr. Whale can be suspended a little longer, because his second picture for the Universal company, "Frankenstein," has just been completed. There are great opportunities for the cinematograph in Mary Shelley's book and I hope Mr. Whale has taken them, but I am apprehensive.

As regards the cast of "Waterloo Bridge," neither the acting of Kent Douglass, as the young Canadian soldier, nor that of Mae Clarke, as the lady of easy virtue, sets the Thames on fire, but there is a sound performance from Frederick Kerr who can also be seen this week in "Friends and Lovers," a slow-moving story at the Leicester Square, and in "Honour of the Family" at the Plaza.

The latter picture, a screen adaptation of Balzac's "Cousin Pons," would have been a more convincing affair had it not been modernized. A duel to the death with sabres, 1931 cars and dialogue, which is not wholly common to any period of time, do not make a good mixture. Old men, like Paul Barony, who are cozened, petted, and cajoled by young mistresses for the purpose of getting their money out of them are as plentiful to-day as they were yesterday. Young women who pluck their old pigeons for the sake of themselves and their lovers are just as plentiful now as then, but manners have changed and one can't just put people into modern clothes, interpolate a few modern lines and hope for anything except perdition.

"Women are naughty children," another of Balzac's characters declared in another story, "We must make them fear us, for the worst thing that can happen to us is to be ruled by such creatures." Count Bridau's opinions would serve to sum up the attitude of Captain Boris in "Honour of the Family," but to-day, fortunately or the reverse, women would not put up with the whip of correction which he boasts of having wielded so effectively.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Little Catherine. From the French of Alfred Savoir by Virginia and Frank Vernon. Phoenix Theatre.

The Red Light. By H. F. Maltby and John Trevor. New Theatre.

THE impression which seems to have been left on many people by the English version of "La Petite Catherine," is that of a strangely pointless costume-play, in which a couple of dramatic moments are conspicuously effective, less by reason of their own intrinsic brilliance than by contrast with the surrounding flatness.

These moments are the final audience of the dying Empress Elizabeth—a scene which Miss Marie Tempest plays with admirable delicacy and discretion; it neither is, nor pretends to be, the questionable splendour of Great Acting—not even in the last scene of the play, wherein the Grand Duke Peter finds himself the victim of an unsuspected plot, alone in his palace and abandoned even by his loyal Guards. And in actual fact this latter scene is "made" by one thing only: the pause when the stage is empty, and Peter is heard running through the deserted corridors, calling for his absent Guards. Had the part been given to some actor less conspicuously incongruous than Mr. Huth, to an actor capable of being weak, timid, feeble-minded and degenerate, the whole of this short scene would have gained enormously in perspicacity, and thereby in significance, and thereby in theatrical effectiveness. But alas, this was only one of several instances of crass miscasting.

That the play as a whole seems pointless and at times incomprehensible, is not surprising. The original play has several points, all of which, however, have been carefully excluded from the version at the Phoenix. Not that I blame the Vernons for excluding them; for if they themselves had not removed the flesh and devil from this Savoir play, the Censor would probably have scraped it even closer to the bone than they have. What is surprising, is that anyone, even an experienced West End manager, should have thought it possible to satisfy us with a skeleton. And once again—I hope for the last time—I ask: what is the sense of bringing over plays from Paris (or Vienna or New York), if you cannot reproduce the qualities which made them admirable? Where was the sense in bringing over M. Savoir's play, if, in order to be able to present that play in public, it was obviously necessary to rewrite every character, cut out the sting of every joke, and give to every scene a quality and a significance utterly different from those which made it a success in Paris?

That this has been done in the Vernon adaptation, let me instance with the case of the Empress Elizabeth, portrayed by M. Savoir as an autocratic sensualist, who derives an aphrodisiacal stimulus from a young bride's tearful story of her brutal matrimonial experiences. In the English version, everything is charming. The Empress has become a common-sensible, but kindly and motherly old lady; the bridal story is no longer brutal, but almost Hensonian farce; and the nearest we get to aphrodisiacs, is a fairy-story love-potion. The same deodorizing treatment is applied to Lanskoï, who becomes a conventional and worthy Charles-his-friend, hiding his love for his dear friend Peter's wife within his loyal, manly bosom. Believe me, in the French there is more than this in Lanskoï's "*peu de fièvre*," when the Grand Duke's marriage with the Princess Catherine has at last been consummated!

Or to turn from character to comedy, what we find,

almost invariably, is that all the preliminary patter is retained, at the end of which, instead of the point to which it is a careful leading-up, there is nothing but a banal and entirely pointless observation. It was not to let Peter throw off some casual line about "a tax on bachelors" that M. Savoir introduced that Tacitus. It was not for the purely decorative purposes they serve at the Phoenix Theatre, that he introduced those greyhounds. Nor was it . . . But why continue this long tale of disillusion? M. Savoir's motive for those greyhounds and that Tacitus is impermissible in England. M. Savoir's characterization, too, is impermissible in England. In short, M. Savoir's play is impermissible in England. And that's all there is to it!

What Miss Tempest would have made of M. Savoir's Empress, I cannot even guess; but she has no slightest difficulty in recreating Mr. Vernon's Empress in her own familiar and delightful image. Mr. Graham Browne found Lanskoï (I mean Mr. Vernon's decent English Lanskoï, not M. Savoir's case-book Lanskoï) almost as easy to identify with Mr. Graham Browne. Mr. Huth, I have already hinted, was unable to degenerate himself sufficiently, but managed to convey that the Grand Duke Peter was no ordinary hero of conventional costume-drama. As for the crassly mis-cast Mr. Weguelin, called upon to play a lusty giant of the Imperial Guard—well, at least the audience did not mock this wooden-soldier, which I venture to think was as much to his, as to their, credit. There remains the case of Catherine. Why, I ask, select an inexperienced—and quite obviously inexperienced—young actress for this difficult and subtle and important title-rôle: an actress, moreover, whose as yet unpractised talents are essentially feminine and commonplace and sentimental—when the part simply shouts for strength and man-mindedness, and could only be played by a first-rate actress of great technical accomplishment, relying, not on prettiness and charm, but on a perfect intellectual understanding of each line and thought and mood?

I feel charitably disposed to think that my colleagues have entirely missed the point of Messrs. Maltby's and John Trevor's play. They have made the mistake of identifying these authors with their central character, Sir Herbert Lawrence, the well-to-do and obviously public-spirited and highly conscientious English Gentleman whose day-dream of England under Bolshie rule forms the substance of this fairly entertaining, and by no means, unamusing play. Mr. Maltby is notoriously cynical; and surely it was cynicism which induced the authors to depict the respectable old gentleman's imaginative day-dream as consisting entirely of vicarious sexual experiences? For instance, his elder (married) daughter sells herself for petty luxuries; his younger daughter (aged fifteen) sells herself for a chance of escaping from the dreariness of Communistic England; and among many other pointers in the same direction, are a Belcher charwoman, a Victorian prostitute, and some lavatory jokes (with recollections of one Dan, who laboured under ground). Like the dreamer, we get more enjoyment than dismay from his forebodings.

The play is shoddily presented; but some of the acting is first-rate. Miss Muriel George is one of Mr. Belcher's models come to life; Miss Olive Sloane perfectly embodies the conventional conception of a prostitute; Mr. Henry Hewitt suffers his privations with a natural ease and grace; and the ladies are nicely differentiated by Miss Norah Balfour, Miss Iris Baker and Miss Miriam Adams. Nor must I omit to mention the twin sisters of Miss Esme and Miss Vera Beringer, since they seemed to me two perfect cameos.

Lack of space compels me to postpone until next week my review of "The Unquiet Spirit," of which there will be two more matinees at the Westminster Theatre on Monday, November 30, and Friday, December 4. In the meanwhile I commend it.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP

SIR,—Douglas Jerrold's article left in my mind feelings of distaste and disturbance; a kind of oblique propaganda for the return of clericalism in higher education.

The larger and wider our mould of citizenship the better, and the "attitude to knowledge, its bent and bias" must not be easily warped and narrowed by clerical or other cranks. Our National Church and its allied Free Churches can give all the religion needed without help from Rome or Romanizing clergy. As for Sovietism and Fascism, they are alien to us and cannot flourish, unless we foolishly provide a special breeding-ground.

Wakefield

R.M.

FOR SATURDAY WOMEN.

SIR,—I protest. Paper and paint with cookery, fashions, and helpful hints for housewives to follow. A whole page of it. In the SATURDAY REVIEW!

Do you not really know that women are fed to the teeth with stuff of this kind?—columns of it in all the papers, from the pennies, up? Do you not realize that we turn with relief to the few literary weeklies where the stuff is not?

That page for Saturday women changes the character of your paper. Of course I read it; I've read every word of the SATURDAY REVIEW for years, and naturally looked for something fresh, something illuminating on that most hackneyed topic, the *home* interest. I looked in vain.

Tonbridge

ANITA WOLFE

AN INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY

SIR,—Apart from objections to backing other people's bills, which any International Loan would involve in order to create security for an International Currency, there is also great danger of thus having less control over our own currency, while we may be still able to impose by force of circumstances "Sterling" on the commercial world instead of gold itself.

For now we are off the Gold Standard, "Sterling" is really secured on the goods, while it can buy as "Legal Tender" and such credit as purchasing power is quite different from the intrinsic value on which gold depends for exchange. Tangible and absolute, while "Sterling" is intangible and relative to the circulation of goods it can buy.

We may be the only country now able to succeed with such a standard, by virtue of our carrying trade at sea, however much reduced at present, with such a large volume of goods in circulation under the Flag, while the area and security of our legal tender might be extended in exchange for Imperial Preference under future tariffs, and if gold then fell in value, it would enable International Debt to be reduced at once.

The liner has been described as a lady, and the Man o' War her husband. "Sterling" may be also a lady, able to pick and choose. "Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought."

JOHN H. BURTON

LONDON TRANSPORT BILL

SIR,—The London Transport Bill raises a question of the utmost importance to the ordinary stockholders of the undertakings to be acquired under the Bill.

In the first place imports tend to be dearer since we left the Gold Standard. This may seriously affect the petrol bill of the new combine. There will undoubtedly be other increases in cost. Now the only source from which these additional expenses can be

met is the revenues of the new Transport Board, which will only be available for the payment of interest on the "C" stock after provision is made for working and establishment expenses and the service of interest on the prior charges. This "C" stock is what the ordinary stockholder is to get in exchange for his present holding—although some of those present holdings are unaffected by, for example, variations in the price of petrol.

Secondly, the basis of exchange of the new stocks for present holdings was arrived at at a time, and presumably on the figures of a considerable period, when the ordinary stock or shareholder, who owns the working capital of industry, was bearing almost the whole brunt of the policy of deflation. Now, however, the situation has entirely changed, and changed in his favour. So that a basis of exchange into new stock with a maximum rate of interest which may have been equitable in those circumstances is almost certainly inequitable now, and stockholders should see to it that, having borne the burden of the bad times, they are not fobbed off with some form of stock that prevents them from obtaining their reward when times improve.

L. LOWREY

London, W.14

SIR,—If we are to contemplate the spectacle of a National Government, returned by the country to rescue it from the devastation of Socialist policy, proceeding with the measure acclaimed by its sponsors and supporters as "the greatest Socialist transport scheme ever placed before the country," then there are at least a number of features in the Bill requiring very careful and thorough amendment; and few stockholders in the undertakings to be acquired will echo the Premier's hope that the Bill will go through without the omission of any essential principles.

Particularly, the case of ordinary stock-holders in existing undertakings seems hard. In the event of the Bill becoming law in its present form, they are to receive (*without* the option of payment in cash, always hitherto enjoyed in the case of compulsory acquisition of property) London Transport "C" Stock,—the non-cumulative interest of which is payable only after payment of working and establishment expenses, and the cumulative interest on a variety of prior charges, and, whatever measure of prosperity may be attained in the future, is limited to a figure by no means commensurate to the burdens borne in the past. The basis of exchange, too, of present holdings for new stocks was worked out before this country was driven off the Gold Standard, and the consequent increased cost of imports such as petrol; and figures which may have approached equity then are, in many cases, far from reasonable now.

Stockholders will have no voice in the appointment of the Board to be responsible for earning a return upon their compulsory investments, nor will they have any control of the issue of prior ranking stocks. They may well think furiously upon the fate of the stock and shareholders of those companies who were absorbed by the Cables and Wireless merger.

F. PAGE GOURLAY

London, S.W.5

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW, being our Christmas Number, will contain:

The Spirit of Empire, by Sir Charles Petrie.

An Article by Doctor Montessori.

Imaginary Adventure of Mr. Pickwick, by Richard Clavering.

A Christmas Sketch, by Robert Gore Browne.

Winter Sports in Switzerland—Ski-ing, by Edward E. Long, C.B.E.

Argument: Is Christmas What It Was?
And Two Short Stories.

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

Apartments to Let. By Norah Hoult. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Sanctuary. By William Faulkner. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Boy. By James Hanley. Boriswood. 7s. 6d.

American Beauty. By Edna Ferber. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The Red King Dreams. By C. G. Crump. Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

Repeated Doses. By Joyce Dennys. Bodley Head. 5s.

A LITTLE unpleasantness is rather popular than not nowadays, but some of my readers may dislike it, and I should warn them that the first three books on my list are for strong stomachs. Do not throw them about too carelessly as Christmas presents. There are many people who might be driven by them to their beds. And it would be of no use saying, "But, my dear aunt, I never dreamed that you would understand it. The cover is so pretty and will go so well with your new curtains." The fashion now is not for the hint, the leer, the lurking impropriety. What you get now is the obviously brutal. Even the cleanest minded of your aunts has no more chance of dodging it than of dodging a mad bull.

In "Apartments to Let" Miss Hoult very shrewdly, very humorously, takes us over a lodging-house Pimlico way. It is kept by the better kind of landlady, a clean, honest woman, who has had, and is having, rather a hard fight; is armoured against pity, rude of tongue, suspicious and hostile; but clean, as I said, and that means so much, and when you come to know her you find—nothing loveable, indeed—something admirable in her keeping on her legs and maintaining her respectability. She has four lodgers, has Mrs. Peacock, two men, who give very little trouble, and two women, whom she means to get rid of, for Lena Crossley is fast and Josephine Moore is queer. The worst things happen to Josephine, who, from a state of feeble-mindedness, a mere inability to adjust herself without pain and hesitation to the world around her, sinks into definite lunacy. A little help might have saved her. So often one feels that. Lena in particular, for all her commonness and obtuseness, always meant to be kind. Mr. Willoughby, in the front room at the top, the stranger who was so gentle when she got into a perplexity at the Corner House, the sister up north—anyone almost. But, then, people have lives of their own, other responsibilities and, Heaven knows, their own troubles. As Miss Hoult quotes from Mr. Wells: "It was not that it was a wicked or malignant world but that it was an inattentive and casual world. It dreaded bothers. . . . It was a world in which it was not good to be alone." So Josephine, after a futile attempt at self murder, is removed to one of those institutions in which persons unable to make terms with life are necessarily confined. She was not terribly unhappy. A lesser writer than Miss Hoult might have piled up horrors about the pauper lunatic asylum. "Nor did she experience any longer agony and pain, want and humiliation. For unto each one of us is given only that which he can endure, and the rack of this rough world ceased to trouble Josephine Moore. She had left its pains behind her, and her mind wandered alone, but without fear, on its won paths."

Miss Hoult is a sympathetic writer and her intelligence is just. Young Willoughby might have been made less of a Parsifal, and his character is the

one serious failure in the book. The tale is too episodically developed.

"Sanctuary" is powerful stuff in the worst sense of the epithet, and Mr. Faulkner belongs to the Bordello school. Horror for horror's sake; or horror implicit in human relationships; between these Mr. Faulkner had to choose, and came down on the sensational side of the fence. A young girl, of good social position, and technically innocent, falls into the hands of an unspeakable degenerate called Popeye, who detains her in a disorderly house that she may give him unnatural excitement. Booze, bullets, and corrupt politicians; the liberally minded and less than ineffective lawyer who tries to make crooked ways straight; some homicides; and a rich creamy write up of the aristocrats of Tennessee. I am sure that Mr. Faulkner is absolutely sincere, and, like his ironic grins, his casual laughter. Moreover, though they only form a digression, the passages in which the two innocents mistake the bordello for a boarding-house have a Courteline's gross laughter. Mr. Faulkner has been struggling towards truth. But he would have got quite as close to it if he had given less medical detail. He is a good writer, may become a great writer, but his "Sanctuary" does remind one of the escape of pigs into the cabbage-patch and of the joy derived by a too strongly inhibited novelist from the mention—or rather indication—of the unmentionable.

"Boy" is the grimmest, nastiest, and most devastating of the three. Miss Hoult is humane, Mr. Faulkner is human, but Mr. Hanley is brutal. There has been, I am told, an expurgated edition of this novel. In the expurgated which I am reviewing asterisks occupy several lines of the critical pages. This has unfortunate results. If there had been no excisions, "Boy," though it might have to have been sold abroad, would have been clean as a surgeon's knife. In its present form it is what headmasters call suggestive; except when it is nauseating; and that is often.

There is nothing unpleasant in Miss Ferber's "American Beauty"; nothing intentionally unpleasant. The decay of this old Connecticut family, the Oakes, its spread into such scions as the timid giantess and the idiotic dwarf, and its partial revival when Polish blood comes in, might have been made a little emetic. Miss Ferber writes as a snob, and a very good snob too. There were Oakes in the seventeenth century, and one of them was beheaded on Tower Hill by Oliver Cromwell. Their mansion is lovely because it was designed by Christopher Wren, who signs the plans "Sir Christopher Wren"; and is full of antiques; but the demesne is shrinking. Some colour is given to the story by young Tamar's remembrances of the days when she travelled the States in the company of charlatans and freaks, but the dominant hue is that of snobbishness. And why not? We are all this side too ashamed or too cynical to find virtue in this attitude. But Miss Ferber honestly enjoys the Oakes tradition, and I should be the last to question her pleasure, since more than once it is conveyed to the reader.

"The Red King Dreams" is an extravaganza which does not quite come off. Its author deliciously plays the fool with the contact, the conflict, to be observed between the older and newer physics, and the atmosphere is that of physicists not taking themselves too seriously. This is an alarmingly intelligent book, but it does not seem to join on to anything.

"Repeated Doses" is better illustrated than explained, for Miss Dennys draws a strong comic line; but when she sets herself to prose is a little diffuse. There are good jokes here. The virtuous G.P., who refuses to operate for appendicitis is nearly an incredible figure, but his misadventures are likely enough. Miss Dennys should be encouraged. She has a sense of humour and no illusions.

REVIEWS

FRANK HARRIS ON G.B.S.

Bernard Shaw: An Unauthorized Biography with a Postscript by Mr. Shaw. By Frank Harris. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

ON August 26, 1931, Frank Harris died at Cimiez. Because justice had never been attempted in the valuation of his work, the subject tempted me in 1925; and, since he remains the most famous Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, and since no review of modern times has surpassed the distinction which THE SATURDAY attained under his leadership, there is a due to be given which can be given, most appropriately, here. True, outside literature, Harris had a precarious reputation. Of the much gossip of which he was the subject, almost all was disagreeable gossip. His loud voice, his superiority to intimidation, his appalling bluntness of speech at table (vivid to me still from some days that I spent with him), his appearance of quarrelsomeness, explain much; but no one, I fancy, would have been eager to trust him with money or with confidences—not because he was really a bad man but because you could never tell what he would do with either cash or confidences. He made me the victim of a literary practical joke, of which I might never have known had not a friendly bookseller drawn my attention to it. Harris never suffered from the infirmity of shame. The incalculable man, by all ordinary codes of civility, set out to horrify the polite world, and the consequence has been that critics have kept a calculated silence about his writings or have slyly retaliated by dismissing them with contempt. Harris himself, of course, was largely to blame for this; but his writings are separable from his outrageous, and likeable, personality.

In this place and on this occasion I am moved to be his advocate because he could be a great Editor, because his work has suffered injustice from his personal and cultivated vilipendency; because Shaw's generous part in this book will be its main attraction to thoughtless readers, and because, where one least expected it, "The English Review"—which, with "The Criterion," is now the best edited of its peers and the only one with equal intellectual drive and literary ability—lately fell short also, to my mind, in its estimate of Harris's writing. In the November number of "The English Review," Peter Piper concluded an honest page on Frank Harris with these words, "His books, now he has gone, will be as dead as mutton." It is for Harris's readers to decide; but, if they start reading "The Bomb," and are not tempted to finish it at a single sitting, I shall be astonished; if they do not think "Great Days" compares well with the romances of, let us say, Mr. Hugh Walpole or with comparable romances by any writer of equal popularity; if Peter Piper himself thinks the two-volume portrait of Wilde a poor book and one that will not remain indispensable to its limited subject; if, further, "Unpath'd Waters" be not found to contain excellent stories, stories none the worse because "Montes" was once over-praised—then I shall be well content to remain in a minority. In 1925 "Critical Essays" contained my essay upon him. He did not like that essay; but nothing since, not even his pornographic "Life and Loves," has modified my former opinion of his literary qualities.

Having missed fame with his Shakespearean books, because his one contention was (though neglected) elementary and because the exposition, for all his wonderful knowledge of the text, was thin, Harris next chose a man with genius to excite, and with a scandal to amuse, him. The Wilde volumes were, presumably, a financial success, as well as a vigorous piece of por-

traiture. Then the abominable but not utterly bad "Life and Loves" (of which the preface would be worth publishing separately) began its subterranean career with older smutty works. It was from his point of view, I imagine, a mis-fire; so he turned to another celebrity and announced this "unauthorized life" of Mr. Shaw. Who would welcome Frank Harris for his biographer, and what could Mr. Shaw do but combine generosity with self-protection by gaining some control over this wild man of the west through contributing letters and the like in the interest of some major accuracy? This, at least, is my reading of a collaboration so quaint as theirs, of a biography of the living by the dead.

Mr. Shaw is a bad subject for others because he has told everything himself; but he has told it all so often and so characteristically that, with his aid, some fresh letters and the like can always enliven the books containing them. Still, Harris seems to me to have emphasized the main point; that Bernard Shaw is less likely to be forgotten as a personality than as a writer. The funniest thing in the book is his answer to an American who had intended to deliver an unanswerable snub. Their two letters (on pages 288-89) will give an unforgettable laugh to every reader. The crucial thing is not (as the enterprising publisher supposes from an unavoidable temptation to confuse salesmanship with criticism) Mr. Shaw's physical confidences (on pages 234-38) but the icy letter to a mother whose son had been killed (on page 305). Its intention is kindly, but it is the letter of a man who has never been sorry, never *felt* sympathy for anyone. A warm-hearted artist, listening with me to the tiresome "lover" supposed to be flirting with the Mayoress in "Getting Married," whispered, "these are the sentiments of a man who has never been in love." She had been, more than once; so she knew. Only on "hard" facts like money is Mr. Shaw ever quite real. That is why our lovers and our poets abhor his works. Mr. Shaw can protest till Doomsday—but something that the hearts of other men have he has not. If he had had it, he would have been a poet; and we have had his own admission, "I cannot write beautiful things" unless, by some accident, that letter to Wilde when *Salome* was censured, has not yet been published.

The experience that Mr. Shaw has obviously missed is that recorded by every thinker worth listening to:

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow—
He knows you not, ye Heavenly powers."

Carlyle's rendering (familiar to every reader of Harris's book on Wilde and to every reader of "De Profundis") may be pedestrian, but Goethe was right; and so was Dante when he said, "Sorrow remarries us to God." Mr. Shaw has been a victim to his own cleverness. Like Wilde before 1895, Bernard Shaw has had no appetite for suffering. He has missed being imprisoned every time. He has never had his St. Helena—the real crown of Napoleon's life. Unlike his own inadequate Saint Joan, he has cried off the invitation to Calvary. No man would wish to put him there; but, had God put him there, he might have become a poet, an artist. Since such judgments are the prizes of God only, I can suggest but one humbler alternative. In "Heartbreak House," Mr. Shaw showed that he had heard of the virtues of rum. They are sovereign. Does he not supply good wine to his own guests? If he will only allow me to present him with a bottle of fine Jamaica rum, and will gain for me Mrs. Shaw's kind promise that he will drink a quarter of a tumbler in hot milk before going to bed twice a week for a month, I entertain the loyal and inextinguishable hope of, even now, making a man of him. Surely now, in his seventy-sixth year, he need not be frightened of rum any longer? If I could

sentence him, it would be to a month's comfortable imprisonment in the best of our prison infirmaries, with a dose of hot rum and milk every night for one week. This would be a better return for all the fun that he has given to us than any number of premature biographies. Without rum he cannot now be saved, for rich people who are also honest do not receive imprisonment in England. Here, if here only, the poor have the best of our social arrangements.

It would be part of the fate that Harris's personality invited if he should be extinguished in the garish limelight of which his last subject is a master; but that fate would be unjust to three nobilities that Harris also and undeniably possessed. These were a disinterested devotion to literature, personal courage, and an utter sympathy for the despised and the down-trodden. Of this his hearty contempt for class-prejudices, for social snobbery, for complacent philistinism in the seats of power, was only the combative side. Let those who hate him for his outrageousness not confuse the accident with the marrow of this man. It is reserved to those who pretend to an equal possession of these three noble virtues to cast, now that he has died, their timid stones at him. His "Bernard Shaw" is a good book, though not a great one; but the goodness peculiar to Harris, the writer, is a goodness noble and rare: a goodness, in short, that will survive a cowardly, if excusable, disapproval.

OSBERT BURDETT

AN IRISH PATRIOT

Bryan Cooper. By Lennox Robinson. Constable. 7s. 6d.

THE biography of Bryan Cooper deserved to be written while his memory was fresh, and admirably has Mr. Robinson performed the task. The grace of the author's style, the sureness of his touch, and, above all, his knowledge of Ireland, have resulted in a book that is not only a joy to those of us who admired Bryan Cooper while he was alive, but should also serve as an inspiration to that younger generation in whose hands lies the future of the Irish Free State. Amid so much that is excellent it may appear unkind to call attention to three very minor errors, and they are only mentioned here in order that they may be corrected in that second edition which the public demand must surely soon justify. William of Orange landed at Torbay, not at Torquay; the Forty-Five did not pass quite "unnoticed" in Ireland, as the letters of Lord Chesterfield prove: and in 1798 General Humbert did not march direct, as the author would seem to imply, from Killala to Sligo, for he only made the latter town his objective after his victory at Castlebar. These, however, are trifling mistakes, and in no way detract from the merit of a very excellent piece of work.

Bryan Cooper blazed a trail that it is to be hoped many of the old landowning class will follow. He himself died far too young, but he showed what could be done, and, what is more, what must be done before the task of making the new Ireland can be considered complete. Born the heir to one of the largest estates in Sligo, and nourished on all the old prejudices of the Anglo-Irish gentry, he died at forty-six, a member of Dáil Eireann, and a loyal follower of Mr. Cosgrave, after having been one of the chosen lieutenants of Sir Edward Carson, and Unionist M.P. for Dublin County South in the English House of Commons. In these pages Mr. Robinson explains how Bryan Cooper, in so short a life, played so many parts, and that in spite of the fundamental unity of his character. It was Ireland, not he, that changed, and his great claim to be

remembered by his fellow-countrymen must always lie in the fact that in very difficult circumstances he realized where his duty lay, and did it.

The last fifty years have witnessed not only a political, but also a social, revolution in Ireland. The whole basis of the class to which Bryan Cooper belonged has been destroyed, and the old landowners have been slow to adapt themselves to the new order. There has been a tendency for them to live apart, behind the crumbling walls of their demesnes, and, like the French aristocracy under the Third Republic, to hold aloof from a public life in which they seem to have no part. Bryan Cooper pointed out to them a nobler course than that, and he showed that Ireland required the co-operation of all her sons: the land and its problems must be the chief concern of all who are dependent upon it, and those with the tradition of leadership behind them will be false to that tradition if they stand aside now.

In fine, Bryan Cooper's career is the best commentary upon the action of those so-called "loyalists" who fled from Ireland at the first sign of danger, and who now, from London suburbs and English watering-places, fill the columns of the die-hard Press with abuse of the Irish Free State. Bryan Cooper stuck to the ship, and he set an example of which both his family and his country may well be proud.

CHARLES PETRIE

MURDER!

Murder in Black and White. By Evelyn Elder. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Murder in the House of Commons. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

Unsolved. By Bruce Graeme. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Death Rides the Forest. By Rupert Grayson. Eveleigh, Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet. By Bertram Atkey. D. Appleton & Co. 7s. 6d.

The One-Way Ride. By Walter Noble Burns. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

IN comparing the detective story with the "thriller," I think it is true to say that whereas the former accelerates the action of the brain, the latter soothes it. The thriller is a sedative. By this I do not mean that you do not experience excitement, fear, and perhaps horror, whilst reading a first-rate thriller, I mean that while your emotions are stirred, your brain is drugged. You have merely to read. Your brain is not moved to action.

But a detective story is a puzzle. Problems are set. Clues are given. Complications are laid like traps for the unwary. And the brain must urge itself towards solution. In fact, a first-rate detective story entails a few hours solid mental activity combined with pleasure, while the reading of a thriller is a relaxation.

I have three detective stories and two thrillers in front of me at the moment. The former set their mental problems in varying degrees of ingenuity. "Murder in Black and White" is undoubtedly the best, but, even so, it cannot be termed first-rate. Louis de Vigny is discovered shot in the angle of a bastion. The weapon with which he was shot is apparently non-existent, and the possible positions of the

murderer, extremely limited. But, unfortunately, Mr. Elder has enveloped his problem in so much architectural and "real tennis" detail, that I, personally, began to lose interest. I was, in fact, grateful to reach the dénouement, which was moderately unexpected.

"Murder in the House of Commons" is Mrs. Hamilton's first detective story. But, despite the fact that it centres round the murder of a woman who is discovered strangled on the terrace of the House of Commons, I am tempted to consider it more as a story of idealised political life than as a work of detective fiction. Would two M.P.'s really risk the gallows in order to save the moral reputation of their Party? I should pooh-pooh the dangers of the crisis if I honestly felt that M.P.'s were made of such stuff! But whether they are or not, Mrs. Hamilton's book does not fulfil the functions of the detective story. Party intrigues, crises and political talk lull the brain into a stupor. The murder and the problem of its solution become of secondary importance.

"Unsolved," by Bruce Graeme, is the story of a poisoning with the slenderest of clues. They are practically non-existent.

There is real mental relaxation in "Death Rides the Forest." It is a thriller which thrills. The chief characters are a beautiful Princess, two brave and bulldog Englishmen, and a wicked Count. Surely nobody could want more than that. And although Maurice of Stalheim, the wicked Count, is distinctly reminiscent of Rupert of Hentzau, and the story is decidedly Ruritanian, it is a thriller well worth reading.

This cannot be said of "The Mystery of the Glass Bullet." I cannot help thinking that in a thriller you should occasionally wonder whether the hero will "win through" or not. But although Mr. Smiler Bunn is bombed, attacked by poisonous snakes, haunted by sinister Chinese, and followed by a strangler, you are miserably aware, from beginning to end, that he will remain untouched and, of course, solve the mystery.

"The One-Way Ride" is a history of Chicago's gangland. On the whole it is written with admirable simplicity. Every gun-man of any repute, from Big Jim Colosimo to Al Capone is described. Most of them are "bumped off" or "taken for a ride." They are almost incredible, these gangsters. And yet they exist. Their fantastic funerals, their blameless home lives and their revenges are intensely interesting. But despite the fact that murders in Chicago seem an every-day affair, Mr. Burns writes that, "Gangland, with its mysteries, feuds and assassinations, does not touch the average citizen at any angle. The booming of gangland's guns is something far off in the dim background of the city's life. . . ."

EVELYN GARDNER

ISLAMIC CULTURE

The Legacy of Islam. Edited by Sir T. Arnold and A. Guillaume. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 10s.

GREECE, Rome, the Middle Ages, and Israel, have all left deep impressions on the culture of Western Europe—a culture which they have moulded when they did not originate it. Islam, on the other hand, was a dangerous enemy which threatened to strangle it while it was still in the cradle, and a continual menace on its borders until the last traces of medieval organization had passed away. Of this, and of its effect on the art of war, our authors have little or nothing to say; it is of the arts of peace which infiltrated slowly across the borders, or entered through the two

sally-ports of Sicily and Spain that they treat. When Europe was emerging from the Dark Ages, it was to Islam rather than to Byzance that inquirers for knowledge turned, and the story of their acquisitions, already told from the European side, is given over and over again in this volume. In the space at our disposal we can only briefly summarize the narrative, which opens with Mr. Treud's study of Arabism in Spain during the centuries between 711 and 1614. It seems that the number of Arabs and even of Berbers who entered Spain and the consequent infusion of Semitic blood was very small, quite out of proportion to the spread of the language which triumphed by its superior efficacy over the Latin dialects spoken and written. The article is an excellent corrective of popular ideas on the Moors in Spain. Prof. Barker on the Crusades, has little to say in their favour; their main use was to provide fighting for the turbulent spirits of a Europe trying to settle down. Dr. Kramers has a good subject in the services of Islam to geography and commerce: the influence of their trade was so wide-spread that a kinglet in the centre of England struck a gold dinar with Arabic lettering in his own name. The influence of Islamic art on European work is shown by Mr. Christie to be very strong. Pattern and style are things that overleap frontiers; they can be carried away in the memory and exert an almost imperceptible influence on craftsmanship, and the author, in a very handsomely illustrated article, does well to put a magnificent brocade of William Morris beside some silk fabrics from the East to show their relationship. The analogies in architecture, on the other hand, seem far-fetched and unconvincing. In literature the transference of themes is undoubted, but were these themes originally Islamic? The connection of Arabic verse with troubadour forms seems very probable, but not certain, and we must not forget the Arabian Nights, which had such progeny as Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, and Vathek. Prof. Nicholson contributes the most individual article in his account of Mysticism, as it developed in Islam and passed from Algazel to Jalaluddin Rumi the poet of Sufi mysticism. Algazel influenced European thought in the thirteenth century, but how far Sufism reached the West is a very open question. The editor writes on philosophy and theology. Here we meet well-known names Alfarabi, Algazel, Avicenne, and Averroes. The influence of the first three is greatest in the formative years of scholastic theology—they helped to mould the thought of Albert and St. Thomas; Averroes gave the principal impulse to Aristotle study early in the thirteenth century by affording a complete commentary on his philosophy; he provided later students with a battle-ground. Prof. Santillana describes the theory of Islamic law but does not affect to show any direct influence on European thought, and Dr. Farmer shows many possible and one or two certain ways in which Eastern music influenced the growth of our own systems. Dr. Meyerhof tells the story of Arabian medicine which, from the first days of its introduction almost to the days of Harvey, was the sole guide of the European physician. The history of alchemy is still obscure, but Dr. Meyerhof sketches its main outlines and promises further light on it. Baron Carra de Vaux writes on Astronomy and Mathematics, two sciences in which the learning of Islam was predominant. Laying down this book, we feel that our principal debt to Islam was contracted in the Twelfth Century Renaissance, and that without Arabian philosophy and metaphysics our scholasticism would have been something different from and inferior to what it was; and apart from that nothing essentially Islamic, nothing that would not inevitably have reached us, came from Spain or Egypt or the East. We must add that there is an excellent index, and that the illustrations are abundant and well-chosen.

ROBERT STEELE

MAGIC OF MALAYA

The Soul of Malaya. By Henri Fauconnier. Elkin Mathews. 9s.

AS "Eothen" is the perfect book of travel, so may M. Fauconnier's book take rank as the perfect picture of the tropics. That is not to underrate Sir Hugh Clifford's exquisite studies of Malaya. But the Frenchman's point of view is naturally not the Englishman's. A strong philosophic strain permeates all M. Fauconnier's pages; the soul of Malaya is shown as the counterpart of that of Rolain, the author's friend—such Westerners are occasionally found, who "go fantee" in the best sense; and the two are subtly interwoven in a romance of the highest dramatic force and reality. Rubber-planting, which was M. Fauconnier's occupation for sixteen years, is not usually deemed romantic. But he is one of the fortunate ones who can see below the surface. To this we owe the wonderful study of Smail, Rolain's Malay servant. Malayan nature is profoundly poetic and so delicately balanced that the merest touch may drive it from crooning verses under the stars to the murderous frenzy of "amok." "A true Malay will die sooner than live with the memory of even an imagined affront." There are gruesome stories of Malayan ghosts and demons, the spirits of the swamps whose touch is death; Punggok, ever flying in the rays of the moon in vain longing to be united with her; and Penanggal, the bad woman, only a head and entrails. But best of all is the ever-present sense of the seduction of the tropics. As thus:

From the very first evening we gave our lives up to the sea. It lay, a broad expanse under the moonless sky, black with a bordering of silver. But as our feet touched it, they threw up sparks. The water was full of a phosphorescent dust, and so warm that as we plunged in it we merely felt our bodies growing lighter. I slid my hand over the polished undulations to watch them turn to silver like the nap of a velvet cushion. I got up and from my shoulders fell streams of diamonds.

Perhaps only those who have swum in tropic seas know how perfect the picture is, but it serves to show that the book which won the high honour of the Prix Goncourt in 1930 has been singularly blessed in its translator.

WILD BEASTS AT HOME

A Game Warden among His Charges. By Captain C. R. S. Pitman. Nisbet. 16s.

EVEN the acutest traveller observer will err from time to time even in essentials by mistaking the accident of a moment for the usual behaviour of the animal observed. It is well then that men who have spent long years in the wilder parts of the world in daily touch with the animal life of the country should put on record the facts they have observed; and such records are all the more valuable when, like Capt. Pitman's, they are the result of professional and expert as well as personal and sympathetic interest. Captain Pitman has been for several years Game Warden of the Uganda Protectorate, and consequently has had exceptional opportunities for close and constant observation, and the light he is able to throw on the habits of his charges is not only valuable in itself, it also enables us to correct the errors of less exact observation.

Among the animals to which particular attention is directed, are: the rare white rhinoceros, of which and whose habits we are given admirable descriptions; man-eating and other lions; crocodiles and gorillas. But if these animals are given special attention, there can be few species in Uganda that are not mentioned,

indeed some of the most charming notes in the book are devoted to the small and shy denizens of the forests. What will strike the reader most is the absence of the hair-breadth escapes and the terror of the jungle with which such books are generally decorated. Without in any way denying the real dangers of the wild, Captain Pitman assures us that these dangers have been greatly exaggerated, that most wild animals fear and avoid man, and that those that do not, often exhibit a friendly curiosity in his behaviour.

Of all the descriptions those of the giant gorillas of East Africa are the most arresting, and it is good to know that henceforward they will be protected from everything but observation. Captain Pitman holds that observation should be reduced to a minimum, as even with the best intentions untoward incidents occur that prompt if they do not necessitate the use of the rifle. So far from these gorillas being the savage creatures of travellers' tales, Captain Pitman finds them shy and harmless creatures, and describes the appearance of the great males as "benevolent." Charming, too, is his story of the hippopotamus who came up from the water to inspect the march past of native porters, trotted along the line for some distance and then returned to the water. And he has a dozen such to tell of beasts great and small. A delightful and authoritative book.

CHEMISTS IN PROFILE

Crucibles: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists. By Bernard Jaffe, M.A. Jarrolds. 18s.

THIS excellently produced volume won the \$7,500 award for the "humanizing of knowledge." The reward was well merited. Mr. Jaffe, who is Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, laboured over four years on its production, and the result is a valuable contribution to the literature of the science. It tells of the great pioneers of chemistry down the ages, from the alchemists, like Trevisan and Paracelsus, who blindly sought to transmute base metals into gold, down to the most recent researches in the constitution of the atom.

Alchemy, nourished on superstition and chicanery, long held the world in its grip. Sir Isaac Newton himself was not immune from its fascination, and dabbled in transmutation in a laboratory he erected for the purpose at Cambridge. It is true that the alchemists, in their search for the Philosopher's Stone, did stumble across a great many valuable discoveries—alum, borax, ether, plaster of Paris and other common chemicals owe their discovery to those early days—but the deep-rooted faith in its magic and mysticism had to be destroyed before any real progress was made. The foundations on which modern chemistry rest are associated with the names of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century chemists—Priestley, Cavendish, Lavoisier, and Dalton. Dalton occupies a place unique in the history of the science, for upon the atomic theory which bears his name have all subsequent developments been based. With great clarity and a lively imagination, Mr. Jaffe traces these developments in the work of Curie, J. J. Thomson, Moseley, Langmuir, and Rutherford. The latter chapters of the book are devoted to the modern conception of the atom, which is now believed to resemble the solar system, with a massive nucleus of positive electricity around which revolve small planetary electrons. By changing the number of electrons and protons we can transmute the elements one into another, and the writer points out that "the only obstacle in the way of a commercialized transmutation of lead into gold to-day lies in the difficulty of obtaining

forces powerful enough to tear away or add electrons to the atoms at will, and at a cost which could compete with the price of gold."

It only remains to be added that the book is an authoritative and spirited interpretation of the matter dealt with, in which the intelligent general reader as well as the specialist can take delight.

TREASURE-HUNTING

Through the East to Rome. By the Rev. G. J. MacGillivray. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. 6s.

THERE is something about treasure-hunting that never loses its appeal for human nature, and when the search lies in the realm of the spiritual its attractiveness is very potent. We all want to find Truth—the Pearl of Great Price—even if we cannot bestir ourselves to go out to look for it. So the story of another's search and finding never fails to interest us.

Fr. MacGillivray tells his story, one with an unusual setting, with a restraint which is most impressive. There is no appeal to emotionalism, no account of fervours or spiritual excitements. He writes from the standpoint of the average man, and he follows, spiritually, a very ordinary road; that of slow steady development. "Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little!" And ultimately it brings him to the desired goal—the City of God. Since we ourselves are, for the most part, desperately ordinary, this simple unadorned account of an average man's pilgrimage will interest many and perhaps encourage some to fare forth on their own treasure-hunt.

Is it fair to your best friend to make him your Executor? The duties are onerous, and usually thankless; the responsibilities are great and the penalties for neglect are severe. Moreover, he may die, and the expense of appointing his successor is considerable. On the other hand, if you appoint the Westminster Bank instead, the fees (which are paid out of your estate) will probably be only a fraction of the legacy which you would have left to a private trustee

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Trustee Dept., 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

SHORTER NOTICES

The White Gods. By Richard Friedenthal. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

THIS is an account of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, written in a popular manner, and to those who have not the time or the inclination to attempt the standard works on the subject it can be thoroughly recommended. The story is told almost in the form of a novel, and the author is to be congratulated upon his success in painting in the background. The love interest is supplied by the relations of Cortez and Marina, but accuracy is not sacrificed as so often in works of this nature. The general reader will find in this volume both interest and instruction.

Bishop Berkeley: His Life, Writings, and Philosophy. By J. M. Hone and M. M. Rossie. Faber & Faber. 15s.

NOT so long since Messrs. Faber & Faber published the first correct version of Berkeley's *Commonplace Book*. They now put lovers of Berkeley and his philosophy under a further debt of gratitude by issuing this admirable life by Messrs. Hone and Rossie, to which Mr. W. B. Yeats has contributed a delightful introductory appreciation of his great countryman. Much of the book, of course, is devoted to Berkeley's philosophy, to a careful analysis of its substance and implications, its ancestry and its posterity. But as the authors point out and demonstrate Berkeley's interests were many and were pursued vehemently. Here we have a very full account of his American venture, and of the friendships he formed there; of his discovery of tar-water;

and of his life in London, where he mixed with the politicians and poets of the time, won the regard of Queen Caroline, and through that regard, the Bishopric of Cloyne. A most welcome and enjoyable book.

The Meaning of Psycho-Analysis. By Martin W. Peck, M.D. Jarrolds. 6s.

THIS book should fulfil a useful purpose in bringing before the public a clear and simple account of the new science of psycho-therapy. The writer points out the bearing of this new science on all branches of human life, and how knowledge of its principles may light up dark places in the human mind. It is in the treatment of the neuroses that psycho-analysis at present finds its most apparent justification, and the book is mainly concerned in explaining the method of treatment. For intending patients the knowledge gained by reading this book will save valuable time, and dispel any notion that the treatment is a pleasant discussion between two people with frequent allusions to sexual experience. It is apparent that much patience will be required during the treatment and that from time to time humiliating or disagreeable traits of character may be revealed which the patient must face and acknowledge if he wishes to become free from them.

The book deals entirely with the Freudian method, and would gain by a fuller account of other analytical systems explaining the differences and discussing their merits and demerits.

Notes from the Diary of an Idler in the East. By Harold Manacorda. Heath Cranton. 3s. 6d.

FIRE by the exhibition of objects discovered at Ur by Mr. Woolley, which attracted so many visitors to the British Museum in 1929, Mr. Manacorda decided to make a pilgrimage to that most fruitful of Mesopotamian sites, and his present book is the story of his journey, which starting from Italy, took him to Rhodes, Cyprus, Syria and Palestine, and then across the desert to Bagdad and Ur. The story is quite unpretentious, and, of course, covers fields of travel that are well known to most of us. Nevertheless, Mr. Manacorda, makes his record interesting enough, for he writes agreeably and describes vividly, and gives just those little hints which are so useful to travellers. It is not a guide book, but those of his readers who are attracted by the itinerary will find Mr. Manacorda's story of his journey full of the information that will make their own easy. The book is well and fully illustrated.

When Madame Cooks. By Eric Weir. Philip Allan. 5s.

COOKERY is not necessarily a dull or heavy subject for a book, but it must be confessed that the ponderous wit of Mr. Weir is extremely trying, and his manner of interspersing his recipes with would-be humorous dialogue between himself and an imaginary Harassed Housewife will hardly be appreciated by his readers: the housewife, who is seeking a recipe for the day's dinner, would most certainly be harassed by his irrelevant humour. Some of the recipes are quite good, but Mr. Weir would not appear to have derived any great benefit from his fifteen years in France, and the various other sacrifices which he says he made in order to write this book, when he commits the horrible crime of translating *bauf à la mode* as "Fashionable Beef." Furthermore, his model French housewife would never plan a dinner in which the same ingredient formed the basis of two courses, as in his specimen menu, which starts with asparagus soup, and as a further course includes asparagus and sauce mousseline.

MEDICI CARDS & CALENDARS

WHETHER the subject be a sporting picture or a Nativity—the artist an old master or modern painter—the price seven and sixpence or one penny—the quality of a Medici card is always the same—the best. Ask your dealer to show you a selection or write for 36-page illustrated list and shop by post.

7, GRAFTON ST.,
HAY HILL,
LONDON,
W.1.



Also at
LIVERPOOL,
BOURNEMOUTH,
HARROGATE.

Your Gift for Everybody



The Gifts for *all* your friends are here in the Parker Duofold range. Call in and see them! Pens, Pencils, beautiful pen stands, each including points of perfection for which Parker Duofold is so much desired. Each will ensure happy remembrance of you through twenty-five years of guaranteed efficient writing service. If you cannot call personally, send the coupon below for complete list and solve your worries of "what to give."

Pens 42/- 30/- 25/-
21/- Pencils to
match 21/- 17/6:
15/- 12/6 Pen
Stands from 10/6.

Parker

Duofold

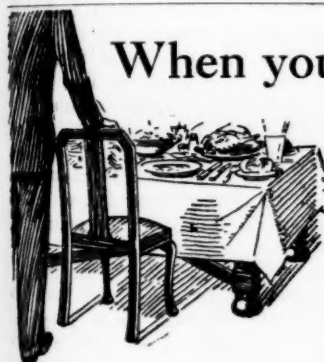
POST TO-DAY!

To THE SMALL BOOKSHOP LTD.,
Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1

Please send by return complete Christmas Gift List.

Name _____

Address _____



When you sit down to your Christmas Dinner

you will be all the happier if you can feel that some poor family is thinking of you with gratitude.

Good parcels of food and fare, bought on favourable terms in large quantities and sufficient to last over the Christmas period, are being distributed to really deserving families by the Church Army. Will you pay for one or more?

£5 will pay
for TEN

10/- will pay
for ONE

Please send your gift to-day to Preb. Carile, C.H., D.D.,
Honorary Chief Secretary, Church Army Headquarters,
55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Cheques should be
crossed "Barclays A/c Church Army.")

THE CHURCH ARMY

Books of the Moment

PAPERS ON GOLD AND THE PRICE LEVEL

By SIR JOSIAH STAMP, G.B.E. 7s. 6d.

MODERN CURRENCY AND THE REGULATION OF ITS VALUE

By EDWIN CANNAN, Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in the University of London. 5s.

THE CRISES OF 1931

By D. T. JACK, M.A., Lecturer in Political Economy, University of St. Andrews. 2s.

WORLD DEPRESSION TO WORLD PROSPERITY

By A. G. MCGREGOR. s.

THE THEORY OF PROTECTION AND INTERNATIONAL TRADE

By MIHAIL MANOILESCO, Roumanian Minister of Industry and Trade. 12s. 6d.

THE NEW SURVEY OF LONDON LIFE AND LABOUR Volume Two

London Industries—1. Clothing—Engineering — Building — Furniture — Dock Labour — Domestic Service—Boots and Shoes. 17s. 6d.

P. S. KING & SON, Ltd.,
14 Great Smith St., Westminster

"A LITTLE GEM OF A BOOK"

RALPH STRAUSS, *Sunday Times*.

THE MANGO TREE

MARGARET HAMILTON 6s. net

"She has caught and conveyed in an extraordinarily moving and faithful fashion, the outside and inside, the atmosphere and the heartaches, of one child's life" GERALD GOULD, *Observer*

"Fascinating fantasy . leaves Peter Pan panting . Don't read this in the train or you'll be carried past your station" *Daily Herald*

"Gracious and diverting and deliciously new" RALPH STRAUSS, *Sunday Times*

COBDEN-SANDERSON

ART NOTES BY ADRIAN BURY

THE NEW ENGLISH

THE Eighty-Second Exhibition of the New English Art Club is well up to the standard now expected of this society. Though the New English in point of years is gradually becoming the Old English, it keeps its youth and manages to absorb all that is good in modern oil painting. This exhibition of the Club contains several characteristic works by one of its most distinguished members, the late Sir William Orpen. Looking at his vigorous and confident portraits and interiors, it is hard to realize that this splendid artist died recently at a comparatively early age. The range of his talent is well indicated by the nine pictures that represent him. "The Valuers," showing a group of connoisseurs studying a painting, has a suggestion of Daumier, both as to subject and treatment. It is interesting to compare the quiet colours of the early "English Nude" with the brilliant sunlight effect of the much later study entitled "Female Model Drawing on a Stocking." Among other oil paintings of importance are the words of Mr. Charles Cundall, Mrs. Dod Proctor, and Mr. Augustus John.

MR. PHILIP STEEGMANN

MR. PHILIP STEEGMANN is a young artist with the power of concentration. He has combined the drawing traditions of the Slade with a sympathy for Florentine methods of painting. He understands the technique of painting in monochrome and glazing. He seeks pictorial design as well as character in portraiture. The exhibition at the Claridge Gallery shows great promise, particularly at a time when it is fashionable to hide ignorance under a mass of highly coloured pigment. The portrait of Mr. Somerset Maugham is an unmistakeable likeness. The group of Lord Gerald Wellesley and his children is in the tradition of our eighteenth century conversation pieces. It has an intimate charm and is not only the record of family figures, but a portrait of the room in which they meet. Mr. Steegmann has worked with the utmost care on the library and the fireplace, and has adequately suggested the Hogarth picture above the mantelpiece. Here is a subject that fully justifies an elaboration of detail if it is carried out with the aid of a sensitive hand and philosophical eye. Mr. Steegmann is perhaps a little too delicate in the approach to his sitters, but if he is inclined at the moment to be very fastidious his painting technique is securely founded and will develop more breadth.

THE ABDY GALLERY

MR. ORLANDO GREENWOOD's exhibition at Messrs. Abdy's Gallery shows a robust and confident style of painting which places him among traditional technicians. He has no doubt been influenced by the work of Sir William Orpen, but he maintains his own personality. Mr. Greenwood can render the character and detail of a flower without losing the essential freshness of the bloom. If he is not a poet like Fantin Latour or a fanatic like Van Gogh, he is a craftsman of rare distinction, and he has a feeling for surface and material which is completely convincing. The old table in "Anemones No. 1" is a lesson to all students in the art of handling oil paint forcefully.

Mr. Greenwood speaks out "plain and bold" in a language that everyone can understand. He is a visionary only in so far as he can see and express beauty in an obvious way, but that is a gift that he shares with most of the great painters of physical fact.

MUSIC

NEW RECORDS

BY RALPH HILL

THE development of the symphony since Beethoven shows a perpetual struggle to reconcile classical and romantic ideals, in other words an attempt to make the music first and foremost an expression or illustration of a definite story or "programme," while at the same time conforming to the structural laws of sonata form. Beethoven led the way with his *Pastoral* Symphony which, as he carefully pointed out, was an "expression of the emotions rather than painting." His young contemporaries of the Romantic school were not slow in taking every advantage of a suggestion which offered such rich possibilities, and Berlioz, who never believed in half measures, decided that "painting" was just as important as emotional expression, and so in 1830 he produced his powerful and imaginative *Symphonie Fantastique: An Episode in the Life of an Artist*, which consists of five movements portraying the dreams of a morbid and love-sick young artist who has indulged too freely in opium. As the artist's beloved plays a leading rôle throughout the drama Berlioz devised what he termed *L'idée Fixe* or a representative theme which forms a part of the thematic material of each movement and is thus transformed to suit the exigencies of the music and its programme. Judged purely as a piece of musical construction this work falls far short of the symphonies of the great classical masters, but this defect is balanced by the brilliance and amazing virtuosity of the orchestral technique and the vividness of the pictorial suggestion. An excellent and clearly reproduced performance is provided by a Symphony Orchestra under Piero Coppola (H.M.V. D2044-49). Beautifully proportioned and full of fanciful charm and delicate colour is Berlioz's *Symphonic Entr'acte The Royal Hunt and Storm in the Forest* from the opera "The Trojans," which is played by The Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty (Columbia DX291). A more sympathetic rendering and finer recording it would be impossible to imagine.

Three years after the *Symphonie Fantastique*, Mendelssohn completed his *Italian* symphony in A major which is as different in thought and technique as the two composers were opposite in character. Here we have sparkling and high-spirited music fashioned with the hands of a master craftsman whose love of convention was his ultimate undoing as a creative artist. Deftness and brilliance characterize the playing of the La Scala Orchestra of Milan under Ettore Panizza (H.M.V. D2032-5). At the very moment when it looked as if Beethoven had said the last word as a symphonist, and the form had become almost decadent, Brahms appeared on the scene with four great symphonies which, though consistent with classical ideas, were essentially romantic in feeling. The Second Symphony in D major, which is admirably performed by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Max Fiedler (Polydor 95453-7), shows off to perfection Brahms's fertile melodic invention, mastery of construction, and wealth of poetry and emotion. More romantic in feeling but less masterly in construction is César Franck's very beautiful Symphony in D minor, of which the luscious chromatic harmonies and rich orchestral colour have a strong sensuous appeal. Of the three important recordings of this work, that of the Lamoureux Orchestra under Albert Wolff (Polydor 67028-11) just issued, is easily the finest.

In conclusion I would like to draw attention to a really wonderful recording of Debussy's *L'Après Midi D'un Faune* played by the Walter Straram Orchestra under Straram (Columbia DX274). The price is only four shillings!



“Who buys British?”

The country is united in a determination to win through to better times again. It waits only for a clear signal.

Unemployment signals “Buy British”

We have been too ready to buy goods carelessly, without asking where they come from. We must think first of our own workers.

The Trade Balance signals “Buy British”

We have been buying from abroad more than we can afford. We must spend less abroad and more at home.

How will you answer these signals?

Flash back the answer that will send the country full speed ahead to employment and prosperity.

“We buy British”

ISSUED BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

LITERARY—LX.

As we allowed our readers last week the privilege of becoming Dictator of England, this week we give them the opportunity of choosing an ideal Cabinet. The Cabinet should contain ten ministers, and reasons for the choosing of each member should be given.

The entries should be accompanied by a coupon. The closing date of this competition will be Monday, December 14th, and it is hoped to announce the results in January.

LV.

JUDGE'S REPORT.

Criticism of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

This competition was a revelation of human nature; for once we saw ourselves as others see us, and our faults, follies, and frailties are set out both in principle and detail. The curious thing—if the toad beneath the harrow may be allowed a faint squeak of protest—is that so many of our readers still continue to study a review for which they have so profound an aversion. (It was a surprise, by the way, to find that so many Socialists read us regularly—no doubt simply in order to "confound our politics.")

It proved impossible to classify the entries.

Several competitors, for example, warned us that the reviews were too long; but a rival band held that they are too short. Some objected to signed articles on the ground that "the old SATURDAY REVIEW never condescended to sell itself for a name"; others liked the signature as an additional guarantee of good faith. Some objected to the Short Story as "beneath the dignity of the SATURDAY"; others thought it the one thing worth reading in an otherwise dull sheet.

All this was interesting if somewhat confusing to the impartial mind; even worse was the discovery that there was some conflict of opinion as to editorial capacity. Not every critic was so wholly unfavourable as might have been expected, though most of the entrants quite properly showed an acute consciousness of the infirmities of mind of the editor.

The first Prize is awarded to Jane Blount, whose criticisms were constructive and helpful; and Second Prize to Stubbs, who considers "the SATURDAY REVIEW is being unduly optimistic in imagining that an adequate criticism of its faults can be given in three hundred words."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC 504.

(Closing Date: First post Thursday, December 3)

POISONS MORE VIRULENT ARE RARELY SEEN:
BY ONE A SAGE DIED, AND BY ONE A QUEEN.

- Well handled by the Sage of Cheyne* Row.
- Clip at each end a speech—high, broad, or low.
- One face God gave, he made himself another.
- Four days my sisters mourned me, their dead brother.
- Core of sea-port—within you—on this page.
- The shepherd fell a victim to his rage.
- Comes on, as I've heard tell, by bounds and leaps.
- Curtail an implement your cutler keeps.
- Her guardian lion shielded her from harm.
- Plant of much value in a reindeer-farm.
- Hyde Park on Sunday mornings—there you'll hear it.
- Men lose their lives in trying to get near it.

*Pronounced "Chainy."

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC NO. 502.

R	e	c	e	i	p	T
P	A		r			I
V			i	k	i	G
E			b	b	-t	i
P	o	N		d	e	E
r	A		j			A
N			o	a	c	h
D			r	o	w	N
D			i	a	b	o
b	O		d	k		I
V			e	w	-h	o
E			n	g	l	h

ACROSTIC No. 502.—The winner is Mr. H. M. Vaughan, Windham Club, St. James's Square, S.W.1, who has chosen as his prize "Personal Letters of King Edward VII." edited by J. T. C. Sewell, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed by Shane Leslie in our issue of November 14, under the title

"A Royal Correspondent." Eight other competitors selected this book, twenty named "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Sidney Dark, nine "Isabella of Spain," seven "Towards National Health," etc.

ALSO CORRECT—Ali, E. Barrett, Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Carlton, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, E. H. Coles, Maud Crowther, Fossill, T. Hartland, Junius, Lilian, Martha, George W. Miller, M.I.R., Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Peter, Rand, Shorwell, Shrub, Sisyphus, Taddo, Tyro, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG—A.E., Barberry, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Bertram R. Carter, C.C.J., Ebor, Estela, Falcon, E. J. Fincham, Dr. A. G. P. Hardwick, Jeff, Madge, J. F. Maxwell, A. M. W. Maxwell, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, St. Ives, Mrs. H. Sweptstone, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG—Bobs, Gay, F. L. Groves, L. M. Hallam, Miss Kelly, Gladys Lamont, Mrs. Milne, Robin, Robinsky. All others more.

LIGHT 10 baffled 11 solvers; Light 8, 10; Light 9, 8; Light 7, 6; Light 6, 5; Light 12, 3; Lights 4 and 5, 2.

RAND.—If there is such an English word as *omophagous* it must mean "eating raw flesh," not "eating oneself," I think you will find.

SHORWELL.—Enquiries shall be made at once.

BOBS.—But what about *field-sports* (hunting, shooting, coursing); I don't think these are carried on in the playing-fields of Eton.

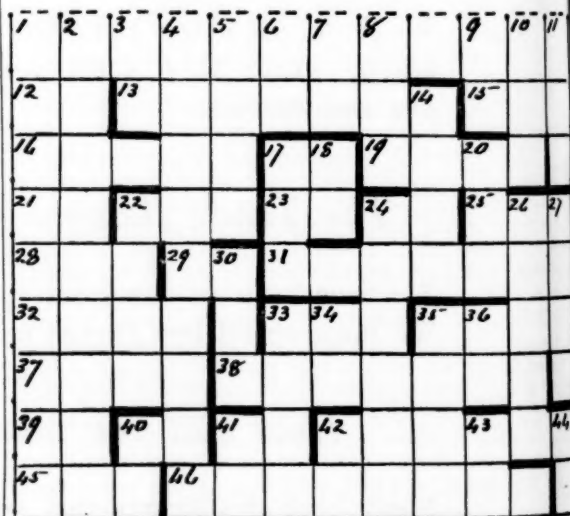
OUR THIRTY-SEVENTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Tenth Round the following are leading: Fossil 0 points down; A.E., Boskerris, 1; N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, St. Ives, E. J. Fincham, 2; Bobs, Carlton, Madge, Tyro, 3; E. Barrett, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, Peter, 4; Junius, 5; Maud Crowther, Estela, George W. Miller, 6.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XLI.

By MORO.

Hidden Quotation:—27, 33a, 17a, 24d, 23, 4, 42a, 22d, 25, 22a, 38, 30, 14 rev., 18, 19, 46.

Apostrophes required for 42a and 46.



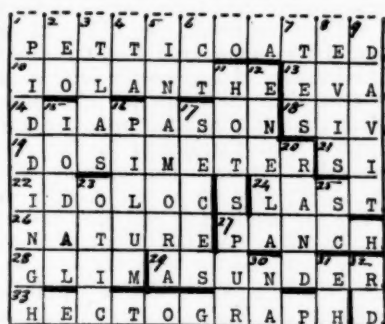
Across

CLUES.

- Othello was this. 12, 16. Disentangle this from Spenser.
- My jest served to introduce the Jolly Mariner of Canton.
- Riddle of 14. 17 rev. With 24a I am without.
- This of life is the mouth of a righteous man.
- I am repeated with gaps in 1d. 22 rev. Salve.
- J. B. was me and 28 and "de-vilish-sly." 24. See 17, 25.
- With 24 rev. I am myself. 28. See 23.
- This may be an instruction or a warning.
- Reuben Dewy was a this.
- Reverse and put before us the equivalent of 41a, rev.
- The sign of the son of meless was a cock's head and comb.
- Give me me for an old helmet.
- (rev.) My sphere is a conventional unit.

Down.

- SOLUTION AND RESULT OF CROSS WORD—XL.



NOTES.

The winner is E. J. Fincham, 2, Lavell Street, London, N.16; who has chosen for his prize "*The Festive Board*" by Thurston Macauley (Methuen, 5s.).

INSURANCE NOTE.

Other useful policies issued by the same Company cover Accident and Specified Diseases, and Accident and All Sickness, and there is no question that the merits of such insurances are not sufficiently known by the business man whose income is dependent on his health and activity.

**5%
TAX
PAID**

Assets: £1,774,782. Reserves: £132,958
THE MAGNET BUILDING SOCIETY
New Magnet House, Harrow Road, London, W



AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

**FOR 87 YEARS A PIONEER
IN CHILD WELFARE**

14 Children's Homes and Camps

FUNDS are urgently needed for the varied work of the Society, carried on by over 5,000 voluntary helpers, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, Mr. ARTHUR BLACK, John Kirk House, 32 John Street, London, W.C.1.



SHIPWRECKED MARINERS'

WILL YOU HELP?

Patron: H.M. THE KING.

President:
Admiral of the Fleet SIR ROGER KEYES, Bart., G.C.B., etc.
Bankers:
WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK, LTD. *Secretary:*
G. E. MAUDE, Esq.
CARLTON HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Will you express by gift your appreciation of ophthalmic advice if you have benefited thereby, of sound sight if you are so blessed, or of the splendid work which is being done at the

WESTERN OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL

Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

Founded 1856.

H. W. BURLEIGH, Hon. Sec.

CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday

WHEN the Stock Exchange begins to talk of a rally in the New Year, it has all but given up hope of any recovery in the year that is waning. At the moment there are many factors at home and abroad to instil caution into prospective investors, and the unreasoning optimism of a few weeks ago has been greatly modified by sober consideration of the complex series of factors on which the financial and economic future of the world depends. While there is no need for despair, the events of the past few weeks have certainly given ample ground for serious thought. The weakness in sterling no longer gives a fillip to equity shares. This weakness is no doubt partly due to the financing of the abnormal imports that preceded the Board of Trade's orders imposing special import duties. A good many people in the City think that the Treasury restrictions on exchange dealing have accentuated the recent fall by preventing speculative or forward buying of sterling.

BANKERS AND CURRENCY

In spite of the urgency of the currency problem the weeks still pass without signs of anything practical being done. Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the chairman of Barclays Bank, in a lecture to the Institute of Actuaries, which in the past has usually limited its lecturers to its own members, has been complaining of the "management," or, rather mismanagement, of the currency since we returned to the Gold Standard in 1925. He cites a period in which a heavy efflux of gold from the Bank of England was not accompanied by a contraction in currency, the Bank having offset the effect of the loss of gold by purchasing securities. I have heard at least one other eminent banker complaining of an influx of gold being offset by a sale of securities instead of being allowed automatically to increase the volume of currency. So that on either hand the Bank gets blamed for mismanagement. Mr. Goodenough considers that we should aim at a system of Empire currency but pins his faith to a Gold Standard and thinks that there would be no better system for Empire currency than the old system of sterling currency.

NEW ISSUES

While the market for public issues of securities is practically dead, one or two large issues are being placed. The London General Omnibus Company has placed £750,000 of 5 per cent. Income Debenture Stock, the price in the market being 92½, free of stamp duty. The first interest, for a full half-year, is payable on February 15, 1932. If the London Transport Bill passes in its present form the stock will become 5 per cent. stock of the new Traffic Board and will be a trustee investment. Then there is to be an issue of 2,000,000 shares at 21s. each to existing holders of Furness, Withy ordinary. The issue is being underwritten by Rothschilds. The extensive interests of Furness, Withy & Co., whose present share capital is £5,500,000, of which £1,500,000 is Preference and £4,000,000 Ordinary, are mainly, but not entirely, in shipping. It has various other important investments. *The Monarch of Bermuda*, the new vessel that is commencing her sailings between

New York and Bermuda this week, is the latest addition to the company's fleet. For several years the company paid 7½ per cent. tax free on its ordinary shares. In 1928 there was an increase to 10 per cent. less tax, but for the year ended April 30 there was a drop to 7½ per cent. less tax. The issue of a large amount of new capital indicates that the Board believes in the future of British shipping. It does not intend to rest on its oars.

RECKITT'S BLUE

One of the big British industrial companies whose reports have hitherto shown a gratifying immunity from the world trade depression is Reckitt & Sons, the famous manufacturers of "blue," starch, metal polish and so on. Its success is probably due not only to its world-wide prestige but also to the fact that its products are mainly household necessities bought in small quantities by a vast number of individual customers. The company has just declared a third interim dividend of 1s. per share (5 per cent.) on its ordinary shares for the current year. For 1930 it paid three interim dividends of 3¼ per cent. each, a final dividend of 10 per cent., and a bonus of 1¼ per cent., making a total distribution of 22½ per cent. for the year. When the results for 1930 were presented last March it was announced that the directors had decided to increase the quarterly interim dividends to 5 per cent. each, although the chairman warned shareholders that this did not necessarily mean an increase in the total distribution for the year. That would depend on trade. The meeting will not be held until April, so that a few months must still elapse before the results for 1931 are known. Meantime it is reassuring that the company, unlike many other big concerns, has not been forced to modify its interim dividend intentions. The £1 ordinary shares are quoted at about 77s., and on the basis of a 22½ per cent. distribution give a yield of £5 17s. per cent. The actual earnings for 1930, after meeting preference dividends, were equivalent to over 29 per cent. on the ordinary capital. The company has a share capital of over £5,000,000, of which £3,648,000 is in ordinary shares.

COSACH NEWS WANTED

Since I referred last week to the anxiety of holders of the 7 per cent. Sterling Bonds of Cosach, the Chilean Nitrate Combine, as to the effect of the dispute over the company's affairs, the bonds have fallen further to 62½ against an issue price of 96. A statement from the eminent private bankers who sponsored the issue would doubtless be welcome, and probably reassuring, to subscribers to the bonds, who have seen about a third of their capital value wiped cut in the market. The news that has come from Chile leaves the position very obscure, and it is this obscurity, rather than any belief that the bonds will not be honoured, that is mainly responsible for the fall.

TAURUS

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds £40,328,000. Total Income £10,187,400

LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

TRAVEL

Sea, Air or Land

FREE ADVICE

THE Travel Bureau of the SATURDAY REVIEW is at your Service. Free advice will willingly be given to those desiring information on any subject covering Travel by Land, Sea or Air. You can write with every confidence, and without being placed under any obligation to accept any suggestions offered.

Communications to:

THE TRAVEL MANAGER,
THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

Every FRIDAY

2d



RUGGER

Here is the paper for which you have waited—"RUGGER"!

A weekly newspaper devoted exclusively to the great game of Rugby Football.

Every player and every follower of the game will find it a gripping commentary, dealing in a new way with "RUGGER" NEWS, PERSONALITIES & TOPICS.

Every page of "Rugger" is packed with interest for the enthusiast. "Rugger" has been hailed as an entirely new departure in the sporting world. Don't miss ordering a copy—**FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY**

Send for a Specimen Copy Free if you are not yet a Reader

The Publisher, _____ 193

"RUGGER,"

9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2

Please send a specimen copy of "RUGGER" to

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Saturday Review

ESTABLISHED 1855.

To the Publisher

THE SATURDAY REVIEW NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.

9, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

Date _____ 193

Please send me a copy of "The Saturday Review" each week for _____ months.

I enclose remittance value _____ herewith.

NAME (in CAPITALS) _____

ADDRESS (in CAPITALS) _____

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

15/-

Foreign Rate - 17/6

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to
THE SATURDAY REVIEW NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED

SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION

7/6

Foreign Rate - 8/0

Charities

EAST END MISSION (founded 1885). 52,000 free breakfasts given to East End children. 15,000 children given a Christmas treat. Old people and tired mothers not forgotten. Six doctors employed. 2,500 patients weekly. Great Religious, Social and Philanthropic Institution. Full particulars sent. Visitors invited. Rev. F. W. Chudleigh, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, E.1.

Literary

FREE BOOK FOR AMBITIOUS WRITERS. Tells how you can learn Journalism and Short-Story Writing by post. You can earn considerable additional income as a spare-time writer. Write now to **METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM**, Dept. J4/8, ST. ALBANS.

LEARN to write Articles and Stories; make spare hours profitable. Booklet free. **REGENT INSTITUTE** (Dept. 154), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

Typewriting

TYPEWRITING, 10d. per 1,000 words, carbon copy 2d. Small or large commissions promptly and carefully executed. Miss Parker, Bryan House, Church Street, Weybridge, Surrey.

TYPEWRITING. 9d. 1000 words (over 3,000); carbons, 2d. 1,000 words. Verse, 2d. 72 words. Duplicating. King's Typewriting Offices (S), 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. Gerrard 8883.

Exhibition

EXHIBITION of ARTS and CRAFTS suitable for Christmas Presents. Friday and Saturday, 4th and 5th of December, **WOMEN'S SERVICE HALL**, 35, Marsham Street, Great Smith Street, Westminster. 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission Free.

Educational

GUNNERSBURY PREPARATORY SCHOOL
BURNABY GARDENS, CHISWICK, W.4.

Telephone: Chiswick 1548.

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL.

Boys between the ages of 5½ and 14½ years prepared for Scholarships and Entrance to the Public Schools. Recent successes include Scholarships and Exhibitions at Winchester, St. Paul's Merchant Taylor's Bradfield, Abingdon, "Proxime Accessit," Harrow, King's School, Worcester (4), three P. and O. Scholarships, H.M.S. "Worcester," Entrance R.N.C., Dartmouth, &c. Excellent Athletic Record.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to the Head Master.

BROOMFIELD HOUSE SCHOOL.

BROOMFIELD ROAD, KEW. Telephone: Richmond 3884. This School is run in conjunction with Gunnersbury School as a Preparatory School for Girls and Boys. Girls and Boys are educated on the most modern lines to enable them to take a good place at their Preparatory Schools. Careful Coaching in Athletics.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to the Head Mistresses, Miss J. M. Cross, B.A. (Hons.), and Miss J. M. WILD (L.L.A.) (Hons.). (Ox. Diploma in Teaching.)

THE OLD VICARAGE SCHOOL.

ELLERKER COLLEGE, RICHMOND HILL.

SENIOR DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. New Term starts on Sept. 23rd. School open to visitors from 2-4 p.m.

Preparation for London Matriculation, Responsions, &c. Special Domestic Science Course (open to outside pupils).

For full particulars apply to the Head Mistress, Miss J. M. CROSS, B.A., Hon. Lond. Telephone: Richmond 0922.

Miscellaneous

J. T. HILL, 39 PEPYS ROAD, WEST WIMBLEDON. Decorations, Alterations and all repairs. Phone 2523. • Wimbledon. Manufacturer of "ODO" paint and marble cleaner. Samples free.

Tailoring

CLOTHES VALETING.

OVERCOATS TURNED. S.B. from 30s.; D. B. or Raglan, 35s.; Lounge, D.B., Plus Four Suits from 45s.; Ladies' Suits from 35s.; Overcoats 30s. If outside breast pocket, ask for advice and quotation. All garments button up correct side when completed.—**WALTER CURRALL**, 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London.

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES
(Under Contract with H.M. Governments)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from
LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc., MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, SUDAN, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., etc. P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies. Addresses for all Passenger Business P. & O. House 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or City Office, P. & O. 130 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3; FREIGHT (P. & O. or B.I.) APPLY, 122 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3; B.I. Agents: GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.

ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street (Opposite Warings) Ger. 2981.

Sunday, November 29th, for one week, Pudoukin's "The End of St. Petersburg," and Rene Clair's "Two Timid Souls." Last days, "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" (Lon Chaney), and "Man with a Movie Camera" (Soviet).

QUEEN'S THEATRE (Gerrard 9437)
LAST WEEKS.

Evenings, 8.15. Mats, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET
by RUDOLF BESIER

2ND YEAR. LONDON'S LONGEST RUN

1931 *Luxury—Economy*

AT THE NEW

ECCLESTON HOTEL

VICTORIA, S.W.1

Room with Hot and Cold Water. Phone and Bath from 8/-
Room with Private Bath from 10/6. Beautiful Ballroom available.
Proprietor - Sir JAMES ERSKINE, J.P.

BOOKS.—100,000 in Stock on all subjects. Please state wants and ask for Catalogue 444, Criminology and Curious. Other Catalogues just issued are No. 446 Christmas Catalogue of Books in new condition and suitable for Presents at much reduced prices; also No. 447 is a special Catalogue of Books on Art in which many bargains are listed. The following are post free for cash:

Pan's Garden, by Oliver Hill. With forty-eight beautiful plates. An ideal book for a present. 15s. for 6s.
True Stories of Immortal Crimes (Tales of Terror), by H. Ashton Wolfe. Illustrated. 18s. for 8s. 6d.
The Painter in History, by Ernest H. Short, with 116 illustrations of Famous Paintings. 30s. for 15s. 6d.
The Hangmen of England. How they hanged and whom they hanged through two centuries, by H. Blackley. Illustrated. 16s. for 7s. 6d.
Our Prehistoric Ancestors, by Prof. Cleland. Illustrated. 21s. for 11s.
Letters of Women in Love, disclosing the female heart from girlhood to old age. Selected. By R. L. Méroze. 7s. 6d. for 5s.

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP (GREVILLE WORTHINGTON)

14 & 16 JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

LITERARY COMPETITION

COUPON No. 61.

VALID FOR ALL COMPETITIONS

TO BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY

"Saturday Review," November 28.

"Saturday Review" Acrostics: 28.11.31.

Allen & Unwin	Fisher Unwin	Naah & Grayson
Appleton	Foulis	Noel Douglas
Arrowsmith	Harper	Odham Press
Bale & Danielsson	Harrap	Peter Davies
Blackwell	Heinemann	Putnam's
Benn	Herbert Jenkins	Richards Press
Bles	Hodder & Stoughton	Routledge
Burns & Oates	Hodge	Sampson Low
Cecil Palmer	Hurst & Blackett	Scribner's
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	Selwyn & Blount
Cobden Sanderson	Jarrod	Sheed & Ward
Collins	Kegan Paul	S.P.C.K.
Crosby Lockwood	Knopf	Stanley Paul
Dent	Labour Publishing Co.	The Bodley Head
Duckworth	Longmans	The Studio
Elkin Mathews and	Melrose	Victor Gollancz
Marrot	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
Faber-and-Faber	Murray	Werner, Laurie
		Wishart

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon